



A. Ramsay Junr. delin. & Sculp.

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A
Scots Pastoral Comedy.

B Y
ALLAN RAMSAY.

To which is added,

A New and Complete Glossary,

O R
E X P L A N A T I O N
O F

The S C O T S Words.



NEWCASTLE:

Printed in the YEAR M. DCC. LXIII.

The P E R S O N S.

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482.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON and GLAUD, *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Field, some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within twenty Hours.*

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins at Day-light next Morning.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

*Beneath the South Side of a craigy Bield,
Where christal Springs the halesome Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks ae bony Morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow Echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The Wawking of the Faulds.*

PATIE. **M***Y* Peggy is a young Thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld;
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the Fauld.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare:
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the Lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits gloay
At wawking of the Fauld.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Toun,
That I look down upon a Crown:
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naithing gies me sic Delight
At wawking of the Fauld.

My

The Gentle Shepherd.

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my Pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her Sangs are tauld,
 With Innocence, the wale of Sense,
 At wawoking of the Fauld.*

This sunny Morning, Roger, cheers my Blood,
 And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
 How hartsome is't to see the rising Plants!
 To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing Rants!
 How halefom 'tis to snuff the cawler Air,
 With all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars the grane!
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrwart Fate!
 I'm born to strive with Hardships, sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
 Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood;
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending Grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Pat. The Bees shall loath the Flow'r and quit the Hive,
 The Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornful Queans, or Loss of warldly Gear,
 Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
 By ane whase Saul is sadly out of Tune.
 You have sae saft a Voice, and slid a Tongue,
 You are the Darling of baith auld and young;
 If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,
 They dit their Lugs, syne up their Leglens cleek,
 And jeer me Hameward frae the Loan or Bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:
 Yet I am tall, and as well-built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a Lafs's Eye;
 For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, be farrer ben.

Pat.

Pat. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie Part.
If that be true, what signifies your Gear?
A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

Rog. My Byar tumbled, nine brae Nowt were smoor'd,
Three Elf-shot were; yet I these Ills endur'd:
In Winter last my Cares were very sma'
Tho' Scores of Wedders perish'd in the Snaw.

Pat. Were your bien Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less wad you lose, and less ye wad repine;
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

Roger. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss:
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drowth to quench;
Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry, Dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

Pat. Sax good fat Lambs, I seld them ilka Clute
At the *West Port*, and bought a winsome Flute,
Of Plum-tree made, with iv'ry Virles round,
A dainty Whistle with a pleasant Sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool!
Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool!

Rog. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish Beast,
Some other Thing lies heavier at my Breast:
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,
That gars my Flesh a' creep yet with the Fright.

Pat. Now to a Friend how silly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens;
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad you hide
Your well seen Love and dorty Jenny's Pride.
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Rog. Indeed now *Patie*, you have guess'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you:
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a Squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate:

But Yesterday I met her yont a Know,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated Kow:
 She *Bauldy* looes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Pat. But *Bauldy* looes not her, right well I wat,
 He sighs for *Neps*;—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loo her,—but in vain;
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.
 My *Baroty* is a Cur I dearly like,
 E'en while he fawn'd, she strack the poor dumb Tyke:
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
 She wad have shawn mair Kindness to my Beast;
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
 With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn;
 Last Night I play'd ye never heard sic Spite,
 O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delyte:
 Yet tauntingly she at her Cousin speer'd
 Gif she cou'd tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn gabbit Chuck?
 Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint a' Hope,
 Gae till't your Ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Rog. I need na mak sic Speed my Blood to spill,
 I'll warrant Death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave of that silly whinging Way;
 Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
 Hear how I serv'd my Lads I love as weel
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel:
 Last Morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a Dyke I lean'd, glowing about,
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee,
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* saw na me:
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the Mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that whiter were than Snaw.
 Her Cockernony snouded up fou sleek,
 Her Haffet locks hang waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheeks sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear;
 And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinnie-pear;

Neat, neat she was, in bustine Waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny *Meg* come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon alter :
 But I can guess, y're gawn to gather Dew :
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you ?
 Than fare you weel *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack
 She came wi' a right thieveless Errand back,
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my Dog
 To wear up three waff Ews stray'd on the Bog.
 I leugh, and fae did she ; then with great Haste
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waist ;
 About her yielding Waist, and took a Fouth
 Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth ;
 While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,
 My very Saul came louping to my Lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack ;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.

Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
 Do ye fae too, and never fash your Thumb :
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her Mood,
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck
 And answer Kindness with a Slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
 For Women in a Man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple Face give Way
 To a Repulse :—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the Day.
 When Maidens innocently young,
 Say often what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue,
 But tent the Language of their Een.
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your Love with Hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Rog. Kind *Patie*, now fair-fa your honest Heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an Art
 To hearten ane; for now, as clean's a Leek,
 Y've cherish'd me, sin ye began to speak;
 Sae, for your Pains, I'll mak ye a Propine,
 (My Mother, rest her Saul! she made it fine)
 A Tartain Plaid, spun of good haslock Woo,
 Scarlet and green the Sets, the Borders blew;
 With Sprains like Gowd, and Siller cross'd with black;
 I never had it yet upon my Back
 Weel are ye wordy on't, wha have sae kind
 Red up my revel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

Pat. Weel, hald ye there,—and sin ye've frankly made
 To me a Present of your braw new Plaid,
 My Flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice,
 She'll come a-will, gif ye'll tak my Advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't;
 But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserve't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny Spring;
 For I'm in Tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a Turn up to the Height,
 And see gif all our Flocks be feeding right;
 Be that Time Bannocks and a Shave of Cheefe,
 Will mak a Breakfast, that a Laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise
 To season Meat with Health instead of Spice.
 When we have ta'en the Grace-drink at this Well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell. [Ex.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie Howm between twa verdent Braes,
 Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claitbs;
 A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
 Its Ghanal Peebles shining smooth and round;
 Here view twa barefoot Beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your Eye, then gratify your Ear;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COME, *Meg*, let's fa' to Wark upon this Green,
The shining Day will bleach our Linen clean;
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peg. Go farer up the Burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' the Sweets of Spring and Summer grow;
Between twa' Birks out o'er a little Lin,
The Water fa's, and maks a singand Din;
A Pool Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glas,
Kisses with easy Whirles the bordering Grass;
We'll end our Washing while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
There wash ourfells—'Tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a Day.

Jen. Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa' Herds come brattling down the Brae,
And see us fae? That jeering Fellow *Pate*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight,
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane)
What gars you plague your Wooer with Disdain?
The Nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* looes ye, yet ye care na by:
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,
A Herd mair sheepish yet I never kend:
He kaimes his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With Ribbon Knots at his blue Bonnet Lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a Thought a-jee,
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee;
He falds his O'erlay down his Breast with Care,
And sew gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair:
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d' ye?*—or, *There's a bonny Day*.

Peg. Ye dash the Lad with constant slighting Pride,
Hatred for Love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow could.
What like's a dorty Maiden, when she's auld?

Like dawted Wean that tarrows at its Meat,
 That for some feckless Whim will orp and greet:
 The lave laugh at it till the Dinner's past,
 And syne the fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.
 Fy, Jenny, think and dinna fit your Time.

SANG III. *Tune, Pokwart on the Green.*

*The Dorty will repent,
 If Lover's Heart grow cauld;
 But nane her Smiles will tent,
 Soon as her Face looks auld:
 The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
 Nor eats, tho' Hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
 And's laught at by the Lave.
 They jest it till the Dinner's past,
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jen. I never thought a single Life a Crime.

Peg. Nor I—but Love in Whispers lets us ken,
 That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

Jen. If Roger is my Jo, he kens himsel,
 For sic a Tale I never heard him tell:
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can tell the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws:
 Whene'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're Fools that Slavery like, and may be free;
 The Chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your Ways; for me I have a Mind
 To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

Jen. Heh Lafs! how can you loo that Rattle-skull?
 A very Deel that ay maun hae his Will.
 Wee'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan Life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.

Peg. I'll rin the Risk; nor have I any Fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,
 Till I with Pleasure mount my bridal Bed,
 Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head:

There he may kifs as lang as Kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part
To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen Days,
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco Fraise
And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his Newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for your Sake.
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be, in his Barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving Wife a lounderin Lick.

SANG IV. *Tune*, O dear Mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust to Smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betyde you.
Lasses, when their Fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a Life destroys
Hearsome, free, and youths' Joys.*

Peg. Sic course spun Thoughts as thae want Pith to
My settled Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love. [move
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I dread no other Skaith.
There's nane of a' the Herds that tread the Green,
Has sic a Smile, or sic twa glancing Een;
And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
His Words they thirle like Music throw my Heart;
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckleless Fears that fright the lave!
Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
He reads fell Bouks that teach him meikle Skill:
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
The rest seem Coofs, compar'd with my dear *Pate*:
His better Sense will lang his Love secure:
Ill-nature heffs in Sauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my Wedding day!

*How shall I be sad, when a Husband I hae,
That has better Sense than ony of thae
Sour, weak silly Fellows, that study like Fools,
To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools?
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He praises her Virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.*

Jen. Hey, bonny Lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a Sang.
O! 'tis a pleasant Thing to be a Bride;
Syne Whinging gets about your Ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din:
To mak them Brats then you maun toil and spin.
Ae Wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' Broe,
Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe;
The Deel gaes o'er *Jack Webster*, Hame grows Hell,
When Pate miscaws you war than Tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome Thing to be a Wife,
When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise:
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha' Delight
To hear their little Complaints, and keep them right.
Wow, *Jenny!* can there greater Pleasure be
Than see sic wee Tots totlying at your Knee,
When a' they ertle at—their greatest Wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiss?
Can there be Toit in tenting Day and Night
The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?

Jen. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a'
Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Begg'ry draw.
But little Love or canty Chear can come
Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom.
Your Nowt may die—the Spate may bear away
Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay——
The thick blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blasby Thows,
May smoor your Weathers, and may rot your Ews.
A Dyvor buys your butter, Woo and Cheese,
But or the Day of Payment, breaks and flees.
With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:
'Tis not to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent;
His Honour manna want; he pinds your Gear;
Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?

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Dear *Meg*, be wife, and lead a single Life:
Troth its nae Mows to be a married Wife.

Peg. May sic ill Luck befa' that silly She,
Wha has sic Fears, for that was never me.
Let Fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae' mair's requir'd; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest Uncle aften say.
That Lads should a' for Wives that's virtuous pray:
For the maist thrifty Man could never get
A well stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part
To gather Wealth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,
And win the Vogue at Market, Tron or Fair,
For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient Ware.
A Flock of Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Woo,
Shall be first feld, to pay the Laird his Due:
Syne a' behind's our ain;—thus without Fear,
With Love and Rowth we thro' the World will steer:
And when my *Pate* in *Bairns* and *Gear* grows rise,
He'll bless the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jen. But what if some young Giglet on the Green,
With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,
And her kend Kisses, hardly worth a Feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
There's some Men constanter in Love than we.
Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.
They'll reason calmly, and with Kindness smile,
When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile:
Sae, whensoever they slight their Maiks at Flame,
'Tis 'Ten to Ane their Wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his Heart.
At Ev'n when he comes weary frae the Hill,
I'll ha' a' Things made ready to his Will.
In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,
A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane:
And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
The seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.

Good Humour and white Bigonets shall be
Guards to my Face to keep his Love for me.

Jen. A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as Fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye
Than aught in Love the like of us can spy,
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side;
Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading Branches are increas'd,
And in their Mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin Blast,
That, in Return, defends it frae the West.
Sic as stand single, (a State so lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk Storm frae ev'ry Airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear Lassie, I maun yield;
Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
With the Assistance of a little Fae
Lies dern'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane,*

*I yield, dear Lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as Light flies frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us,
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae
That by the Heartstrings leads us.*

Peg. Alake! poor Pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie Thing tak the Air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* Man.

Jen. Anither Time's as good—for see, the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To ficath the Graith—if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this seems true, nae Lafs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug Thack-house, before the Door a Green :
Hens on the Middling, Ducks in Dubs are seen.
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byar,
A Peet-Stack joins, and forms a rural Squair.
The House is Glaud's—there you may see him lean,
And to his Divet-seat invite his Friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. **G**OOD-MORROW, Nibour Symon,—come sit down,
And gie's your Cracks—What's a' the News in 'Town ?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And sald your Crummock, and her bassen'd Quey :
I'll warrant ye've coft a Pund of Cut-and-dry ;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try :

Sym. With a' my Heart—and tent me now, auld Boy,
I've gather'd News will kittle your Heart with Joy.
I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,
And skulk in Hidlings on the Heather Braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw—Ah Symmie ! rattling Chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like Will-Fire far and near ;
But loose your Pock, be't true or faulse, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen
Hab, that Abroad has with our Master been ;
Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair Estate to save his Head,
Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
To shine, or set in Glory with *Montrose*.
Now *Cromwell*'s gane to *Nick* ; and ane, ca'd *Monk*,
Has play'd the *Rumple* a right flee begunk,
Restor'd King CHARLES ; and ilka Thing's in Tune :
And *Habby* says we'll see Sir *William* soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw ;
Tell o'er your News again ! and swear till't a'.

And saw ye *Hab!* and what did *Halbert* say!
 They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
 Now God be thanked that our Laird's come Hame,
 And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-rid us till our Guts did grane,
 Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
 And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his ain. }

SANG VII. *Tune, Cald Kale in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the Rebels Cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a Woody.
 Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
 And ever high his Station,
 That bravely stands in the Defence
 Of Conscience, King, and Nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
 Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent;
 Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
 Our Mailens when we pat on Sunday's Claiths.

Sym. For wad he lang, with a senseless faucy Air,
 Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.
 "Put on your Bonnet, *Symon*—tak a Seat——
 "How's a' at hame?—How's *Elspa*? How does *Ka*?
 "How sells black Cattle?—What gie's Woo this Year?
 And sic like kindly Questions wad he spear.

SANG VIII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's Byar.*

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor Tenants who labour
 To rise aboon Povertie:
 Else like the Pack-horse that's unfotter'd,
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint:
 Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
 And Rackers aft tine their Rent,*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen
 The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean,
 Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
 As gar'd me mony a Time gae dancing Hame.

My Heart's e'en rais'd—Dear Nibour will ye stay,
And tak your Dinner here wi' me the Day:
We'll send for *Elspith* too—and upo' Sight
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height:
I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout and brown:
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife, and Wean,
Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wad'na bauk my Friend his blyth Design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine:
For here Yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut;
Yestreen I slew twa Weathers prime and fat:
A Furlet of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
And a large Ham hangs recsting in the Nook.
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the Loan,
Our meikle Pot, that scads the Whey, put on,
A Mutton-book to boil;—and ane we'll roast;
And on the Haggies *Elpa* spares na Cost;
Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gusty Ingans with a Curn of Spice.
Fat are the Puddings—Heads and Feet weel sung:
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
To pass this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
And drink your Master's Health, and welcome Hame.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
Bring wi'ye a' your Family, and then,
When e'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yoursel, Auld-birky; never fear
But at your Banquet I shall first appear:
Faith we shall bend the Bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I——Troth, I'm younger by a Score
With this good News than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The Man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome
here:
What wad ye *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din?
Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff! Gae break your Wheel, and
 burn your Tow,
 And fet the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low;
 Syne dance about the Banefire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth News indeed!—and wha was't tald
 you o't;

Glaud. What's that to you?—gae get my *Sunday's* Coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands,
 My white-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;
 Than frae the Washing cry the Bairns in Haste,
 And mak yourfells as trig, Head, Feet, and Waist,
 As ye were a' to get young Lads ere E'en;
 For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest *Madge*; and *Glaud*, I'll o'er the Gate,
 And see that a' be done as I wad' hae't.

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*The open Field—a Cottage in a Glen.
 An auld Wife spinning at the sunny End,—
 At a small Distance, by a blasted Tree,
 With faulded Arms, and haff rais'd Looks ye see,*

B A U L D Y *his lane.*

Bauld. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than
 Hell,

To be fae burnt with Love, yet dare na tell?
O P E G G Y! sweeter than the dawning Day,
 Sweeter than gowany Glens, or new-maun Hay,
 Blyther than Lambs that frisk out o'er the Knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows:
 Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
 The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
 Will be my Dead, that will be shortly seen:
 For *Pate* looes her! waes me! and she looes *Pate*;
 And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
 Made a daft Vow!—O! but ane be a Beast,
 That makes rash Aiths, till he's afore the Priest.

I dare na speak my Mind, else a' the three,
 But Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemie.
 'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
 To brake with ane, and win the other's Heart.
 Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price
 Can cast her Cantrips, and gie me Advice.
 She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
 And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
 At Midnight Hours o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd Weans out of their Graves;
 Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow,
 Rins withershins about the Hemlock Low;
 And seven Times does her Prayers backwards pray,
 Till *Plotcock* comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
 Mixt with the Venom of black Taid and Snakes;
 Of this unfonfy Pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire
 With slaw and racking Pains afore a Fire:
 Stuck fou of Prines, the devilish Pictures melt;
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the Deil.
 She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard,
 To speak my Errand, Faith, amais't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive:
 They gallop fast that Deils and Lasses drive. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*A green Kail-yard, a little Font,
 Where Water popland springs,
 There sits a Wife with wrinkled Front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

S A N G IX. *Tune, Carle an the King come.*

MAUSE. *Peggy, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come:*

The Gentle Shepherd.

*Nae mair the Hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy Plaiding-Coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that Ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Bauld. How does auld honest Lucky of the Glen?
Ye look baith hail and fere at Threescore Ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a Thread with little Din,
And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.
What brings my Bairn this Gate sae air at Morn!
Is there nae Muck to lead?—to thresh nae Corn?

Bauld. Enough of baith—but something that requires
Your helping Hand, employs now all my Cares.

Mause. My helping Hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauld. Ah, but your wife, and wiser far than we,
Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

Mause. Of what kind Wisdom think ye I'm possesst,
That lifts my Character aboon the rest?

Bau. The Word that gangs, how y're sae wife and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill, gif I sou'd tell.

Mause. What Fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing ha' to fear.

Bauld. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a Flaw.
When last the Wind made *Glaud* a roofless Barn,
When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn;
When *Brawny* Elfshot never mair came Hame;
When *Tibby* kirk'd, and there nae Butter came;
When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked Wean
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night thro' the Shaw;
And tint himsel amaisst amang the Snaw;
When *Mungo's* Mare stood still, and swat with Fright,
When he brought East the Howdy under Night;
When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the Green;
And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen;
You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about:

And fac they may that mean to do ye Skaith ;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist mak Grots, I'll strive to please
You with a Furlet of them, mixt with Pease.

Mause. I thank ye, Lad—Now tell me your Demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Bauld. Then I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me—
Peggy likes *Pate*—and *Patie's* bauld and flee,
And looes sweet *Meg*—But *Neps*, I downa see—
Could ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and than
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest Man.

Mause. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,
Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night.
'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,
Worth a' your Pease and Grots, tak ye nae Care.

Bauld. We'll, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the road can find ;
But if you raise the Deel, he'll raise the Wind ;
Syné Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the Night so mirk, I'll tine the Gate.
We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a feast,
O will ye come like *Badrans* for a Jest ;
And there ye can your different 'Haviours spy ;
There's nane shall ken o't there, but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past,
'Tween you and me, else fear a Kittle cast.

Bauld. If I ought o' your Secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause [*her lane.*] Hard Luck alake ! when Poverly
and Eild,
Weeds out of Fashion ; and a lanely Bield,
With a sma' Cast of Wiles, should in a Twich,
Gie ane the hatefu' Name, *A wrinkled Witch*.
This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a Wretch in Compact with *Auld Nick*,
Because by Education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear ;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the Royal *Charles*, and Right's restor'd,
A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord.

The bonny Foundling that's brought up by *Glaud*,
 Wha has an Uncle's Care on her bestow'd,
 Her infant Life I sav'd, when a false Friend
 Bow'd to th' Usurper, and her Death design'd,
 'To establish him and his in all these Plains,
 'That by right Heritage to her pertains.
 She's now in her sweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms
 Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.
 None knows't but me;—and if the Morn were come,
 I'll tell them Tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a Tree, upon the Plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet,
 In Love, without a vicious Stain,
 The bonny Lass, and chearfu' Swain
 Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O *Patie*, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 We're baith cry'd Hame, and *Jenny* she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're our lane,
 And *Roger* he's away with *Jenny* gane;
 They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where Primroses thickest paint the Green,
 Hard by this little Burnie let us lean:
 Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,
 How fast the westlin Winds sough throw the Reeds.

Peg. The scented Meadows—Birds—and healthy
 Breeze,
 For ought I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
 Gif I could fancy aught sae sweet or fair
 As my dear *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
 Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier:
 Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear:
 Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
 That warble through the Merl or Mavis' Throats.

With thee I tent na Flowers that busk the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.
The sweetest Fruits that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kifs of thee.

Peg. But *Patrick* for some wicked End may fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna stay——ye Joker, let me gang,
Anither Lads may gar you change your Sang,
Your Thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap.
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease,
The Gaits to climb,——the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith—but mony Lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a Year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer Face your Heart should steal,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a Year;
I mind it weel, when thou cou'd'st hardly gang,
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led the by the Hand,
Aft to the *Tansy-know*, or *Rusky-strand*.
Thou smiling by my Side,——I took Delyte
To pou the Rashes green with Roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the Flow'ry Belt and Snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bught at E'en I met with thee.

Pat. When Corns grew yellow, and the Heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e're troubled me,
Gif I could find Blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain;
At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the Broom of Cowdenknows,
And Rosie lilt the Milking of the Ews;
There's nane, like Nanfy, Jenny Nettles sings;
At Turns in Maggy Lawder, Marion dings;
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter Skill,
The Boatman or the Lads of Patie's Mill,
It is a thousand Times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can Lasses trow what they desire,
And roos'd by them we love, blows up the Fire;
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try,
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy,
Be still as now, and a' my Cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small Variation, is sung at the Airing
as follows.*

S A N G X. *Tune, The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

PEG. When first my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,
And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie nae Pain was to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

PAT. When Corn-rigs war'd yellow, and blue Heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,
Nae Birns, Brier or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEG. When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the Stane,
And came off the Victor, my Heart was as fain:
Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PAT. Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosie lilt sweetly the Milking the Ews,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bes gars our Lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lads of the Mill,
'Tis many Times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

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PEG. *How easy can Lasses throw what they desire?
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

PAT. Wert thou a Giglet Gawky like the Lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave:
At naught they'll ferly,——senseless Tales believe,
Be blyth for silly Heights, for Trifles greive——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better Sense, without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed—But harken, yon's auld Aunty's Cry;
I ken, they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PAT. And let them ferly—Now a kindly Kifs,
Or Fivescore good anes wad na be a-miss;
And syne we'll sing the Sang with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up last Owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your Hire—

PAT. ————— Well, I agree.

SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PAT. *By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye, that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny!*

PEG. *But ken ye Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done.
The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PAT. *But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye,
Red-cheeked, ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half Year.*

PEGGY, (singing, falls into Patie's Arms.)

*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a'.
But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,
And milt nae farther, till we've got the Grace.*

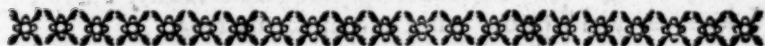
PATIE, (with his Left-Hand about her Waist.)

*O charming Armsfu ! hence ye Cares a'way,
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day.
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our bridal Day ;
And if you're weary'd, honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a Week that Night.*

END of the SECOND ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lime,
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleach'd with Time.
An Elwand fills his Hand, his Habit mean ;
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been :
But whisht, it is the Knight in Masquerade,
That comes, hid in this Cloud, to see his Lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld A-v'nues, anes delightfu' Groves.*

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

THE Gentleman, thus hid in low Disguise,
I'll for a Space, unknown, delight mine Eyes,
With a full View of every fertile Plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands,
Without a Roof, the Gates faln from their Bands.
The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left,
The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft,
My Stables and Pavilions broken Walls !
That with each rainy Blast decaying falls.

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My Gardens once adorn'd, the most compleat,
With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet,
Where round the figur'd Green and Pebble Walks,
The dewy Flowers hung nodding on their Stalks,
But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
No Jaccacinths or Eglintines appear.
How do these ample Walks to Ruin yield,
Where Peach and Nest'rine Branches found a Bield,
And bask'd in Rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the Use!
All round in Gapes, the most in Rubbish ly,
And from what stands the wither'd Branches fly,
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my Joy
Forbids all Grief,—when I'm to see my BOY,
My only Prop, and Object of my Care,
Since Heaven too soon call'd Home his Mother fair.
Him, e're the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
Till we should see what changing Times brought forth.
Hid from himself he starts up by the Dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,
After his sleecy Charge, serenely gay,
With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
Thrice happy Life, that's from Ambition free,
Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented Mortal spends his Time,
In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime!

Or sung as follows. S A N G XII. Happy Clown.

*Hid from himself, now by the Dawn,
He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,
After his bleeting Flocks,
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the Day,
Untaught to smile and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.
Life happy, from Ambition free,
Envy, and wile Hypocrisie,
Where Truth and Love with Joy agree,
Unfully'd with a Crime;*

*Unmōv'd with what disturbs the Great,
In propping of their Pride and State,
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's House I'll bend my Way,
And see what makes yon Gamboling To-day ?
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
My youthful Tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*'Tis Symon's House, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give Pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clean Peat-ingle
Glances amidst the Floor ;
The Green-horn Spoons, Beech-luggies mingle
On Skelfs foregainst the Door.
While the young Brood sport on the Green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown Cōw to clear their Een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their Rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young ourfells—I like to see
The Bairns bob round with other merrilie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan Lad,
And better looks than his I never had.
Amang our Lads he bears the Gree awa',
And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor Man!—he's a great Comfort to us baith,
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith.
He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's Beauty tane,
And Troth my Niece is a right dainty Wean,

}

As ye will ken; a bonny needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae Kin to me.

Sym. Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match;
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools mysell.

Gla. What Reason can ye have! There's nane I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the Lassie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her, as my ain *Jenny* kind;
Fourscore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fills a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs at Spaining Time, as lang's I live
And twa Quey Cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this Day eight Days, likely ye shall learn,
That our Denial does na slight your Bairn.

Gl. Well nae mair o't—come gie's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Health's, whatever Way it end.

(Their Healths gae round.)

Sym. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*—by some 'tis said,
Your Niece is but a Foundling, that was laid
Down at your Hallon-side, ae Morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

Gl. That clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her canker'd Humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns o'er the Leaves, and gies our Brows a Look:
Syne tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard,
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my House To-day.

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling Fortunes, Troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

Gl. Spaemen!—The Truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout.

[Returns Jenny, bringing Sir William;
with them Patie.]

Sym. You're welcome, honest Carle—here tak a Seat.

Sir Wil. I give ye Thanks, Goodman, I'll be no blate.

Gl. (*drinks*) Come, t'ye Friend—how far came ye
the Day?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, Nibour, e'en but little Way,
Rousted with Eild, a wie Piece Gate seems lang,
Twa Miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all Night wi' me,
And tak sic Bed and Board as we can gie.

Sir Wil. That's kind unfought.—Well gin ye
have a Bairn

That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my Skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't Good or Ill.

Sym. [*Pointing to Patie.*] Only that Lad, alake! I
ha nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Wil. Young Man lets see your Hand.—What
gars you sneer?

Pat. Because your Skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the Point;—but, Billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a Mouse-mark on your Side.

Elsp. Betooh-us-to!—and well a wat that's true;
Awa', awa'! the Deel's o'er grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be spaird
But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich Laird.

Elsp. A Laird! hear ye Goodman!—what think ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken! strange auld Man, what art thou!
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth;
Come turn the Timber to Laird Patie's Health.

[Patie's Health gaes round.]

Pat. A Laird of twa good Whistles and a Kent,
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is a' my great Estate,——and like to be.
Sae cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht *Patie*; let the man look o'er your Hand;
Aft Times as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand, then counterfeits falling into a Trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

Elspa. Preserve's!—the Man's a Warlock, or posselt
With some nae good,——or Second-sight at least.
Where is he now?——

Glaud.——He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

Elf. These second-sighted Fowks, His Peace be here!
See Things afar off, and Things to come as clear
As I can see my Thumb.——Wow can he tell,
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see *Sir William*? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better.—*Elspa*, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a Tafs of Usquebae

Sir William starts up and speaks.

- " A Knight that for a L Y O N fought
- " Against a Herd of Bears,
- " Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
- In which some Thousand shares :
- " But now again the L Y O N rares,
- And Joy spreads o'er the Plain,
- " The L Y O N has defeat the Bears,
- The Knight returns again.
- " That Knight in a few Days will bring
- A Shepherd frae the Fauld,
- " And shall present him to his King,
- A Subject true and bauld.
- " He Mr *Patrick* shall be call'd :
- All you that hear me now,
- " May well believe what I have tald,
- For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel :
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,

To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your Beard,
Nor come I to read Fortunes for Reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying Fowks are odd kind Men,
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken;
The wimpled Meaning of your unco Tale,
Whilk soon will make a Noise o'er Muir and Dale,

Glaud. 'Tis nae fina' Sport to see how *Sym* believes,
And takes for Gospel what the Spaeman gives,
Of flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
But what we wish, we trow at ony Rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' Carl, for e're the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In Part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Well, be't sae, Friend; I shall say naithing mair;
But I have twa sonfy Lasses, young and fair,
Plump—ripe for Men: I wish you could foresee
Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair thro' Secrets can I sift,
Till Darknes black the Bent,
I have but anes a Day that Gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. *Elspa*, cast on the Claith, fetch butt some Meat,
And of your best gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable Care,
I'd rather enjoy this Evening, calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd Tow'r, to fetch a Walk,
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire,—
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your Pipe beside the Fire;
We'll but gae round the Place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play,
My Heart's still light, albeit my Locks are gray.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*Jenny pretends an Errand Hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper cut his melting Flame,
And throw his Lassie's Breast.
Behind a Bush well hid frae Sight they meet,
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet,
Poor Shepherd!*

R O G E R and J E N N Y.

Rog. Dear *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I green,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your Scorn,
Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith E'en and Morn,
Ah! could I loe you less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest Lad, but what I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frightened Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,
For Fear some tighter Lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your Love, and near your Heart may ly.

Jen. I love my Father, Cousin *Meg* I love,
But to this Day nae Man my Heart could move;
Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alike to me,
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear *Jenny*——say na that again;
What Pleasure can you tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my Pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our Sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every Thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!

But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,
 Than we our Daffin and tint Power repent:
 When prison'd in four Waws, a Wife right tame
 Altho' the first, the greatest Drudge at Hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for Sake of Gear,
 Ane wales a Wife as he would buy a Mear:
 Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind
 Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
 But Love, true downricht Love, engages me,
 (Tho' thou should scorn) still to delyte in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd Words frae Wooers Lips can fa',
 But grining Marriage comes and ends them a'.
 I've seen with Shining fair the Morning rise,
 And soon the sleety Clouds mirk a' the Skies:
 I've seen the Silver Spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy Puddles disappear:
 The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile,
 But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile,

Rog. I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,
 The Day unclouded sink in calmest Night?
 I've seen the Spring rin wimpling thro' the Plain,
 Increase and join the Ocean, without Stain:
 The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile,
 Rejoice thro' Life, and a' your Fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd Love maintain,
 The fewest Words my easy Heart cou'd gain;
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company,
 And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
 That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my Head!—
 This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Dead.
 Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
 With wondering Love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the Sun and Stars away,
 And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
 O *Jenny*! let my Arms about thee twine,
 And briss thy bonny Breast and Lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows:

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

JENNY. *Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy Maid, beset with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fand Heart of mine
Has long, a Black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROG. *I'm happy now, ah! let my Head,
Upon thy Breast recline,
The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead
Is Jenny then sae kind!
O! let me brifs thee to my Heart,
And round my Arms entwine:
Delytsu' Thought; we'll never part,
Come press thy Mouth to mine.*

JEN. *With equal Joy my faster Heart gives Way,
To own thy well-try'd Love has won the Day.
Now by these warmest Kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.*

ROG. *I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your Life.*

JEN. *Well, I agree—neist to my Parent gae,
Get his Consent,—he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend you to him weel,
Auld Fowks like them that wants na Milk and Meal.*

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Well, I agree, y're sure of me;
Next to my Father gae,
Make him content to give Consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since Parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.
Shou'd be deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a my Kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.*

*Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high Degree:
And if ye prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.*

Rog. My Faulds contain twice fifteen Forrow Nowt,
As many Newcal in my Byars rowt;
Five Packs of Woo' I can at Lammass sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.
Good twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
With meikle Care my thrifty Mither made,
Ilk Thing that makes a heartsome House, and tight,
Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.
They left me a', which now gives Joy to me,
Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee:
And had I fifty Times as meikle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* should the Samen skair.
My Love and a' is your's; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best—but see wha comes this Way,
Patie and *Peg*—besides I maunna stay;
Let's steal frae either now, and meet the Morn,
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of Scorn.

Rog. To where the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin-Pool,
I'll frae the Hill come down when Day grows cool.
Keep Tryft, and meet me there, there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our Love—there's naught sae sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within the Gallery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his Face;
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft speers the Gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this House, so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous Aid,

To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*
Against the *Laws* of Nature did prevail.
Sir *William* *Worthy* is our Master's Name,
Wha fills us a' with Joy, now *he's* come *Hame*.

[*Sir William drops his masked Beard,*
Symon transported, sees
The welcome Knight with fond Regard,
And grasps him round the Knees.]

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breathe!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenant's Sight,
To bless his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight.

Sir *Wil.* Rife, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy:
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;
Since still the Secret thou'ft securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock;—neist my ain Judgement fand
Out Reasons plenty——Since, without Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks bough and blate.

Sir *Wil.* And aften vain and idly spend their Time,
Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends,—which gives their Sauls a Cast,
And turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true,
For there's Laird *Kytie's* Son, that's loo'd by few;
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name:
He gangs about sornan frae Place to Place,
As scrimp of Manners as of Sense and Grace:
Oppressing all, as Punishment of their Sin,
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain Family, as to give him Trust.

Sir *Wil.* Such useless Branches of a Commonwealth
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health;
Unworthy bare Reflection.—*Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son:
A Parent's Fondness easily finds Excuse;
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his Praise, the longest Summer Day
 Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display,
 In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,
 That out of Sight he runs before the Lave :
 And when there's e're a Quarrel or Contest,
Patrick's made Judge to tell wha's Cause is best ;
 And his Decree stands good ;—he'll gar it stand ;
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand.
 With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
 He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

Sir Wil. Your Tale much pleases--my good Friend proceed:
 What Learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder well; for Troth I did na spare
 To gie him at the School enough of Lair:
 And he delytes in Books;—he reads and speaks
 With Fowks that ken them, Latin Words and Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he Books to read? And of what Kind?
 Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh* Port,
 He buys some Books of History, Sangs or Sport;
 Nor does he want of them a Rowth at Will,
 And carries ay a Pouchfu' to the Hill:
 About ane *Shakespeare*, and a famous *Ben*,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men:
 How sweetly *Hawtbrenden* and *Stirling* sing,
 And ane ca'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,
 He kens fou well, and gars their Verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a Fraze,
 About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes,—a Book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir Wil. He answer'd well, and much ye glad mine Ear,
 When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
 Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind
 Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a Book;
 When we a Leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
 Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell?

Sir Wil. Well jested, *Symon*,—but one Question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er:

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The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flighter around young Hearts, like cooing Doves;
Has no young Lassie, with inviting Mien,
And rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, or caught his youthful Heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest Part,
Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet
With *Glaud's* fair Niece than I thought right or meet;
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your Son will soon appear,
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,
May blest the fairest, best born Lady's Arms.

Sir Wil. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first Meeting see.
Yonder's my Horse and Servants nigh at Hand,
They come just at the Time I gave Command:
Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When th' Event of Hopes successfully appears,
One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years;
A thousand Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
And Cares evanish like a morning Dream;
Then wish't-for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
The Pain that's past enhances the Delight.
These Joys I feel that Words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late Distress.

But from his rustic Business and Love,
I must in Haste my *Patrick* soon remove,
To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve:

Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,

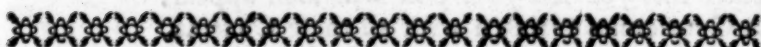
Only in little Breakings shews its Light,

Till artful Polishing has made it shine,

Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune, Wat ye wha I met Yestreen?*

*Now from Rusticity and Love,
Whose Flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His Soul must take another Turn :
As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
In Breakings only shews its Light,
Till Polishing has made it shine ;
Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,
Glaud's Onset.—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.*

Maufe. OUR Laird's come Hame ! and owns young
Pate his Heir !
That's News indeed !

Madge. —As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's Yard,
Sir William, like a Warlock, with a Beard
Five Nives in Length, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meickle at his unco Look,
While frae his Pouch he whirled forth a Book ;
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his Een,
Then paukily pretended he could spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naithing hae.

Maufe. Then sure the Lasses, and ilk gaping Cooff,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

Madge. As fast as Flaes skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk slee Tod Laurie hads without his Mow,
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Summer Days slides backward in a Pool.
In short he did for Pate brae Things foretell,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell :
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his Beard to Symon, Symon knew

His welcome Master,—round his Knees he gat,
 Hang at his Coat, and fyne for Blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for,—happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me;
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon,
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.
 Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Mause. It may be sae, whae kens? and may be no,
 To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain;
 Even Kings hae taen a Queen out of the Plain,
 And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root bot Tocher-good,
 'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood.
 Sic Fashions in King *Bruce*'s Days might be;
 But siccan Ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif *Pate* forsakes, *Bauldy* she may gain,
 Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain,
 Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain. - }

Madge. He get her! slaverin Doof! it sets him well.
 To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to till!
 Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see——

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your Choice as he;
 And so wad I: But whist't! here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter Bauldy singing.

Jocky said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do't,
 Ne'er a Fit, quoth *Jenny*, for my Tocher-good,
 For my Tocher-good I winna marry thee:
 E'ens ye like, quoth *Jocky*, ye may let it be.

Madge. Well liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty Sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[Sings again.]

I hae Gowd and Gear, I hae land enough,
 I have seven good Oxsen gangin in a Pleugh,
 Gangin in a Pleugh, and linkan o'er the Lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.
 I hae a good ba' House, a Barn and a Byar,
 A Peat Stack fore the Door, we'll mak a rantin Fire;

*We'll mak a rantin Fire, and merry we sall be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.
Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass mysell:
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free:
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae;—Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their Shaw-balls cast.

Mause. Well, *Bauldy*, how gaes a'?

Bauld. ————Faith unco right;
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this Night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Bauld. To find out that is na difficult Task.
Poor bonny *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate*, turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William's* Heir.
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,
While *Meg's* in Dumps, put in a Word for me;
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* can prove,
Lefs wilful, and ay constant in my Love.

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,
Where mony a Time your Heart to her was sworn.
Fy *Bauldy*, blush, and Vows of Love regard;
What other Lafs will trow a mansworn Herd?
The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my Niece sae gray a Gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wat.

Bauld. Sae gray a Gate! mansworn! and a' the rest,
Ye leed, *auld Roudes*,——and in Faith had best
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit Brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,
And ten sharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,
Can slyp the Skin o' ye'r Cheeks out o'er your Chin.

Bauld. I tak ye Witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say.
That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're Witness too, he ca'd me bonny Names,
And should be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.
Ye filthy Dog!—— [*Flies to his Hair like a Fury.*——

A stout Battle.——*Mause* endeavours to rid them.]

Mause. Letgang your Grips! Fly *Madge*! how't *Bauldy*,
leen,

I wadna with this Tulzie had been seen,
'Tis fae daft-like. —————

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bleeding Nose.*]

Madge. ————— 'Tis dafter like to thole
An Ethercap like him to blaw the Coal.
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit Tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been
And, or they died, their Bairns Bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true, and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain Christen'd Name.

Bauld. My Lugs, my Nose, my Noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld Roudes! Filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt no;—ye'll e'en be Friends with honest *Bauldy*.
Come, come, shake Hands, this maun nae farder gae;
Ye maun forgie 'im, I see the Lad looks wae.

Bauld. In troth now *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae spite,
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte
Of what has happened, and should therefore crave
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
Till to perform ye learn as well as swear.
Vow and loup back!—Was e're the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him Deil! he's o'er lang out of Hell.

Bauld. [*Running off*] His Prefence be about us! Curst
were he
That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge. [*Laughing.*] I think I have towzled his Har-
rigals a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his Love to me.
He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve
A Lassie fae he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye town'd him tightly—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding Snout ga'e me nae little Sport:
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my Face,

He hop'd I was a Witch, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this Case my helping Hand.

Madge. A Witch!—how had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

Mau. And wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like mine,
Obliges Folk Resentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the Lack of Pith supply;
Thus I put aff Revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to Wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his Tryst; and I came here
To seek your Help, that we the Fool may fear.

Madge. And special Sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghaist:
A Linnen Sheet wond round me, like ane dead,
I'll cawk my Face, and grane, and shake my Head:
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a Lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on Night,
The westlin Cloud shines red with setting Light.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*When Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
And the green Swaird grows damp with falling Dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The GENTLE SHEPHERD, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the Broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak Farewell.*

Rog. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my Heart loops light;
O Mr Patrick! ay your Thoughts were right.
Sure gentle Folk are farer seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of Pedigree.
My *Jenny* now, wha brake my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my Mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't:—but O! my Change this Day,
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a Father, gently kind as brave,
And an Estate that lifts me 'boon the Lave.

With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confess,
 He all the Father to my Soul express,
 While close he held me to his manly Breast.
 Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
 Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing of my Youth!
 Who set too soon!—And while he Praise bestow'd,
 Adown his graceful Cheeks a Torrent flow'd.
 My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail.
 That speechless lang my late kend Sire I view'd,
 While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd;
 Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising Raptures found
 The happy Son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard,—to faithful *Symon's* Fear
 Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,
 Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my Peace,
 While, thus to beat, my Heart must sooner cease.

Reg. How to advise ye, Troth, I'm at a Stand,
 But wer't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty and haften Reason plead his Cause;
 But what cares Love for Reason, Rules and Laws?
 Still in my Heart my Shepherdess excells,
 And Part of my new Happiness repells.

Or sung as follows, SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be,*

*Duty and Part of Reason
 Plead strong on the Parent's Side,
 Which Love superior calls Treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd:
 For now tho' I'm one o' the Gentry,
 My Constancy Falshood repells;
 For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

Reg. Enjoy them baith,—Sir *William* will be won;
 Your *Peggy's* bonny—you're his only Son.

Pat. She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,
 And frae these Bands nae Change my Mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else, thro' Life I will be true;
 But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Rog. Is not our Master and yourself to stay
Amang us here?—Or are ye gawn away
To London Court, or ither far off Parts,
To leave your ain poor *Us* with broken Hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France, }
Where I must stay some Years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three other Monkey Tricks :—That done,
I come Hame strutting in my red-hee'd Shoon :
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

Rog. *They who have just enough can soundly sleep,*
The O'ercome only false Folk to keep——
Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain Tale Hame.

Pat. What was my Morning Thought, at Night's
the same, }
The poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
CONTENT's the greatest Bliss we can procure
Frae boon the Lift.——Without it Kings are poor.

Rog. But an Estate like yours yields braw Content,
When we but pick it scanty on the Bent :
Fine Claiths, saft Bed, sweet Houses, and Red Wine,
Good Chear, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeyfant Servants, Honour, Wealth and Ease ;
Wha's no Content with these are ill to please.

Pat. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Bliss :
The Passions rule the Roast ;——and if they're sour,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the Fat devour.
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang like the sharpest Goads in Gentry's Side ;
The Gouts and Gravels, and the ill Disease,
Are frequentest with Fowks o'erlaid with Ease :
While o'er the Muir the Shepherd with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish, and hale some Air.

Rog. Lord Man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights ;

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How gat ye a' that Sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some Skill;
These best can teach what's real Good and Hil.
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to ware some Stanes of Cheefe,
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith, I se hae Books, tho' I should sell my Ky:
But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir *William's* Will, and *Peggy's* Love.

Pat. Then here it lies,—his Will maun be obey'd,
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride;
But I some Time this last Design maun hide. }
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for *Peggy*; yonder comes my Dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the Secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the Deils defy. [*Exit. Roger.*]

Pat. [*solus.*] With what a Struggle must I now impart
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast Saul will sink
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Disappointment—Heaven support my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.
Her Eyes are red:—————

Enter PEGGY.

————— My *Peggy*, why in Tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy Chance that made not me
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten Pain, see frae the Coast
The Ship that bears his all like to be lost;
Like to be carried by some Rever's Hand,
Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own;
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.

I Falshood hate : Come kifs thy Cares away ;
 I ken to love, as well as to obey,
 Sir *William's* generous ; leave the Task to me
 To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

Peg. Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my Grief,
 But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.
 New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,
 That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire ;
 Then I ! poor me !—with Sighs may ban my Fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome *Pate* :
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest,
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest :
 Nae mair be envied by the ratling Gang,
 When *Patie* kifs'd me when I danc'd or sang :
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the Meadow play !
 And rin ha'f Breathless round the Rucks of Hay,
 As aft-times I have fled frae thee right fain,
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane :
 Nae mair around the *Foggy Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my Vow,—'twill help to give me Ease ;
 May sudden Death, or deadly sair Disease,
 And warst of Ill, attend my wretched Life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

Or sung as follows, SANG XVII. *Waes my Heart
 that we should sunder.*

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my Grief,
 Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
 These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler Face, and Silk Attire,
 A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
 Alake poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.
 No more the Shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell,
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye Banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented Rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the Know with silent Duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring Lover,
Thro' Life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a Wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves,—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this Isle:
Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move
The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightfu' Maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
To sic as hae the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? believe, and calm thy Mind.

Peg. I greet for Joy to hear thy Words sae kind.
When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair
Made me think Life but little worth my Care,
My Heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous Thoughts will save thy Love for me.
With Patience then I'll wait each wheeling Year,
Hope Time away till thou with Joy appear,
And a' the while I'll study gentler Charms,
To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms.
I'll gain on Uncle Gland; he's far frae Fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk School,
Where I may Manners learn——

Or sung as follows, SANG XVIII. *Tweedside.*

*When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
My Heart it was going to break,
My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
But now I will sav't for thy Sake.
Where'e'er my Love travels by Day,
Where ever he lodges by Night,
With me his dear Image shall stay,
And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.*

*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou was a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.
 For Beauty that's only Skin-deep,
 Must fade like the Gowan of May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a Decay.
 Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
 If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
 And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

Pat. ————— That's wisely said;
 And what your Uncle wares shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,
 Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart;
 Yet now, left in our Station we offend,
 We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend;
 Affect oft-times to like the Thing we hate,
 And drap Serenity, to keep up State;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the Fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
 Pay Compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their Backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still; —but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With Gentry's Apes; for still amangst the best,
 Good Manners give Integrity a Bleeze,
 When native Virtues join the Arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae Hazard, and sae small Expence,
 My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense,
 Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous Sea,
 Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his Son,
 For watna whats, sae great a Risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but Travelling does improve,
 Yet I would shun it for thy Sake, my Love;

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But soon as I've shook aff my landwart Cast
In foreign Cities, Hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting Day and rising Morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe Return.
Under that Tree, and on the *Sucklar-Brae*,
Where aft we wont, wh n Bairns to run and play;
And to the *Hasse-Shaw*, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers
With Joy, that they'll bear Witness I am yours.

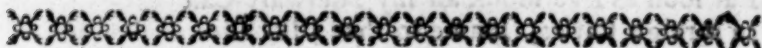
Or sung as follows, SANG XIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting Day, and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the Birken-Bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and bid my Blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain,
Or where the Summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My Dear, allow me, frae thy Temples fair,
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair,
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my Arm.

Peg. Were't in my Power with better Boons to please,
I'd give the best I cou'd with the same Ease:
Nor wad I, if thy Luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae Jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little Time,
To ware't on Words wad border on a Crime;
Love's faster Meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with Kisses on the Heart imprest. [Exeunt.



ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor BAULDY stares like one posselt,
And roars up SYMON frae his kindly Rest:
Bare-legg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye Bauldy, at this silent Hour,
When drowsy Sleep keeps a' beneath its Pow'r?
Far to the North the scant approaching Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye shake, and glower, and look sae wan?
Your Teeth they chatter, Hair like Bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some Water, Milk or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy,—Legs with Shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane,
Alake! I'll never be my Sell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon, O Symon, O!*

[Symon gives him a Drink.]

Sym. What ails the Gowk!—to make sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his Bed,
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeously astear.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Spirit oppress, }
He's seen some Witch, or wrestled with a Ghast.

Bauld. O ay!—dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir Will. *[Smiling.]* I lang to hear't—

Bauld. ——— A! Sir, the Witch, ca'd *Mause*,
That wins aboon the Hill, amang the Haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art
'To gain a bonny thrawart Laffie's Heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night;
But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!

For the curst Hag, instead of doing me Good,
(The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghaist, or Deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead Corse, in Sheet as white as Milk.
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death,
Upon me fast the Witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my Breeks, while I, like a great Fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at School.
My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope;
'Till, with an elritch Laugh, they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, half dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your Help to gie the Deel his Due.
I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gie o'er to Dunt,
Till in a fat Tar-barrel *Mause* be burnt.

Sir Will. Well *Bauldy*, what'er's just shall granted be,
Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

Bauld. Thanks to your Honour; soon shall I obey;
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
To catch-her fast, or she get Leave to squeel,
And cast her Cantrips that bring up the Deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir Will. Troth, *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt;
The Witch and Ghaist have made themselves good Sport.
What silly Notions croud the clouded Mind,
That is, thro' Want of Education, blind!

Sym. But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing
As Witches raising Deels up thro' a Ring,
Syne playing Tricks? A Thousand I could tell,
Could never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

Sir Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,
Amongst a few auld Women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp,
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
Then with this Train thro' airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broom-Staffs ride;
Or on an Egg-Shell skim out o'er the Main,
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;

Then aft by Night bumbaze hare-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools:
Whate'ers in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
Had either meikle Sense, or yet was rich;
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife;
And lives a quiet and very honest Life.
That gars me think this *Hobieshaw* that's past,
Will land in naithing but a Joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will,—but see increasing Light
Commands the Imps of Darknes down to Night;
Bid raise my Servants, and my Horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the Morning Air.

SANG XX. *Bony grey-ey'd Morn.*

*The bonny grey-ey'd Morning begins to peep,
And Darknes flies before the rising Ray,
The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day:
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plow,
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.
While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss
Of Half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
Be my Portion, Health and Quietness of Mind,
Plac'd at due Distance from Parties and State,
Where neither Ambition, nor Avarice blind,
Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*While PEGGY laces up her Bosom fair
With a blew Snood, JENNY binds up her Hair;
GLAUD by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek,
The rising Sun shines motty thro' the Reek,
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lasses please his Een,
And now and then his Jokes maun interveen.*

Glaud. I wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night,
Ye do not use sae soon to see the Light;
Nae Doubt ye now intend to mix the Thrang;
To tak your Leave of *Patrick*, or he gang:
But do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,
That he poor landwart Lassies will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair Sense than slight auld Friends, tho' poor,
But Yesterday he gae us mony a Tug,
And kifs'd my Cousin there frae Lug to Lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae Doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his Company refrain;
Before, he, as a Shepherd, fought a Wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal Life;
But now, grown Gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

Peg. A Rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

Glaud. Daft Lassie, ye ken nought of the Affair,
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame
To do what like of us think Shame to name.
Sic are so void of Shame, they'll never flap
To brag how often they have had the Clap.
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith flush'd
Syne mak ye a' their Jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or hound with sic as he.

Peg. Sir *William's* virtuous, and of gentle Blood,
And may not *Patrick* too like him be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony Gentry mae than he;
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner fawn; they're sae puff'd up with Pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,
That shaws the Gate to Heaven.—I've heard my sell
Some of them laugh at Doom's-day, Sin, and Hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a Dooms-day, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, and drink.

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid!—na, he kens better Things;
But here comes Aunt, her Face some Ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the Gate
To hear, and help to redd some odd Debate
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon's* House, the Knight sits Judge himsel.

Glaud. Lend me my Staff.—*Madge* lock the outer Door,
And bring the Lassies wi' ye, I'll step before.

[*Exit Glaud.*

Madge. Poor *Meg*!—Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een?
This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horse,
To strut a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross;
To change his Kent, cut frae the branchy Plain,
For a nice Sword, and glancing-headed Cane:
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons, and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that smells like new-won Hay;
To leave the green-swaird Dance, when we gae Milk,
To rustle 'mang the Beauties clad in Silk;
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherds stay,
And take what God will fend in hoddin-grey.

Peg. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your Scorn?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green.
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then the like has been, if the Decree
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Madge. A bonny Story, troth!—but we delay;
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away.

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd Chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mause,
Attend, and with loud Laughter hear
Dast Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:*

For now 'tis tell'd him that the Tawse
Was handled by revengesu' Madge,
Because he brake good Breeding's Law's,
And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.

Sir Will. And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
Nae otherwise than what ye well deserv'd :
Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name ?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By Perjury, an innocent young Maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confes my Faut, thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

Bauld. An't like your Honour, I believ't it weel,
But Troth I was e'en doilt to seek the Deel ;
Yet with your Honour's Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengesu'——
And that my Some-place finds ; but I had best
Had in my Tongue, for yonder comes the Ghaisht,
And the young bony Witch, whase rosie Cheek
Sent me without my Wit the Deel to seek,

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir William. [Looking at Peggy.]

Whose Daughter's she that wears the Aurora Gown,
With Face so fair, and Looks a lovely brown ?
How sparkling are her Eyes! what's this I find!
The Girl brings all my Sister to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.
Is this your Daughter, Glau'd?——

Glau'd. ——Sir, she's my Niece,—
And yet she's not:—But I should had my Peace.

Sir Will. This is a Contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not:—Pray, Glau'd, explain.

Glau'd. Because I doubt if I should mak appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year.

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon, I'm all Impatience!

Pat. ————— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then since my Master orders, I obey—
 This **BONNY FOUNDLING**, ae clear Morn of *May*,
 Close by the Lee-side of my Door, I found,
 All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant Weeds, of rich and gentle make:
 What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake;
 Wha, warse than Brutes, could leave, expos'd to Air,
 Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young? For she appear'd to me
 Only about twa Towmonths auld to be.
 I took her in my Arms, the Bairny smil'd,
 With sic a Look wad made a Savage mild.
 I hid the Story, she has past since syne,
 As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine.
 Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,
 For she's well worth the Pains that I have tane.
 Ye see she's bony, I can swear she's good,
 And I'm right sure she's come of gentle Blood.
 Of whom I kenna.—Naithing ken I mair,
 Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange!—

Pat. ————— The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir Will. Command your Joys, young Man, till Truth
 appear.

Mause. That be my Task:—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile,—thou haste no cause to blush.
 Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
 That I might safely to the Truth give Way;
 That I may now **Sir WILLIAM WORTHY** name,
 The best and nearest Friend that she can claim;
 He saw't at first, and with quick Eye did trace
 His Sister's Beauty in her Daughter's Face.

Sir Will. Old Woman, do not rave,—prove what you say,
 'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

Pat. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have,
 To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave?
 But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant;
 I every Thing, that looks like Reason, want.

Omnes. The Story's odd! we wish we heard it out,
Sir Will. Make Haste, good Woman, and resolve each
 Doubt.

[*Maufe goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Maufe. Sir, view me well, has fifteen Years so plow'd
 A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,
 That here I, as an unknown Stranger, stand,
 Who nurs'd her Mother, that now holds my Hand! }
 And stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha, honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before?
 I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more.
 Yet, from the Lab'rinth to lead out thy Mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind!

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Yes, surely thou'rt my Niece, Truth must prevail,
 But no more Words till *Maufe* relate her Tale.

Pat. Good Nurse, go on, nae Music's haff sae fine,
 Or can give Pleasure like these Words of thine.

Maufe. Then it was I that sav'd her infant Life,
 Her Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.
 The Story's lang, but I the Secret know,
 How they pursu'd, with avaritious View,
 Her rich Estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a Confident confess.
 I heard with Horror, and with trembling dread
 They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.
 That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
 At Midnight-hour the Floor I softly prest,
 And staw the sleeping Innocent away,
 With whom I travell'd some few Miles e're Day.
 All Day I hid me,—when the Day was done,
 I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
 Till eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
 Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.
 For fear of being found out, I to secure
 My Charge, e'en laid her at this Shepherd's Door,
 And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest *Glaud* himself, and *Symon* may
 Remember well, how I, that very Day,
 Frae Roger's Father took my little Cove.

Glaud. [*With Tears of Joy bapping down his Beard.*]
 I well remember't: Lord reward your Love,
 Lang have I wish'd for this: for aft I thought
 Sic Knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt;—my Joys are full,
 With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.
 Sir, with paternal Love, survey her Charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her Arms:
 She's mine by Vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,
 Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,
 Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest Aim
 Shall be to aid your Joys and well-match'd Flame.
 My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand,
 With as good Will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
 As ane wad Life that's sinking in a Wave.

Sir Will. raises them.] I give you both my Blessing, may
 your Love
 Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

Peg. My Wishes are compleat,—my Joys arise,
 While I'm haf dizzy with the blest Surprise:
 And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
 That for me so much generous Kindness had!
 Lang may *Sir William* bless these happy Plains,
 Happy, while Heav'n grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our Guardian, still our Master be,
 We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
 Th' Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
 Of them that fought her Life for wicked Ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural Villain soon shall know
 That Eyes above watch the Affairs below.
 I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
 And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

Peg. To me the Views of Wealth and an Estate,
 Seem light, when put in Balance with my *Pat*:

For his Sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

Sym. What double Blythness wakens up this Day?
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I un-saddle your Horſe, and gar prepare
A Dinner for you, of hale Country Fare?
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow,
Our Looks hing on the twa, and doat on you!
Even *Bauldy* the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell *Madge's* Tawze, and pawky *Mauſe's* Plot.

Sir Will. Kindly, old Man,—remain with you this Day!
I never from theſe Fields again will ſtray;
Maſons and Wrights ſhall ſoon my Houſe repair,
And buſy Gardeners ſhall new Planting rear:
My Father's hearty Table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my Friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the beſt News I heard this twenty Year;
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

Glaud. God ſave the King! and ſave *Sir William* lang!
T' enjoy their ain, and raiſe the Shepherd's Sang,

Reg. Wha winna dance? Wha will reſuſe to ſing?
What Shepherd's Whiſtle winna lilt the Spring?

Bauld. I'm Friends with *Mauſe*,—with very *Madge* I'm
'greed,
Altho' they ſkelp't me, when woodly fled.
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive
To join and ſing, *Lang may Sir William live!*

Madge. *Lang* may he live!—and *Bauld* learn to ſteek
Your Gab a-wee, and think before ye ſpeak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a Man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome Witch's Fingers ban.
This Day I'll with the youngſt o' ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt
Of our young Lady,—my dear bony Bairn!

Peg. No other Name I'll ever for you learn.—
And my good Nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchleſs Kindneſs done for me!

Mauſe. The flowing Pleaſures of this happy Day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir *Will.* To faithful *Symon*, and kind *Glaud*, to you,
 And to your Heirs, I give in endless Feu,
 The Maillens ye possess, as justly Due,
 For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my House, in Calmness close your Days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's Praise.

Omnes. The LORD of Heaven return your Honours Love,
 Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessings roove!

Patie. [*Presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd
 My Bosom Secrets e're I was a Laird,
Glaud's Daughter *Jennet*, *Jenny*, think nae Shame,
 Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
 And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son,
 Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
 That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir *Will.* My Son's Demand is fair,—*Glaud*, let me crave,
 That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have,
 With frank Consent, and while he does remain
 Upon these Fields, I'll make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we say,
 But that we're Dyvours, that can ne'er repay?
 Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey.

Roger, my Daughter, with my Blessing take,
 And still our Master's Right your Business make;
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld grey Head
 Shall nod with Quietness down amang the Dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my Days,
 Nor ever loo'd to mak o'er great a Fraise:
 But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,
 I will employ the Cares of a' my Life.

Sir *Will.* My Friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
 Each in his Station as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
 Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.
 The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild,
 And aft when Hopes are highest we're beguil'd.

The Gentle Shepherd.

63

Aft when we ftand on Brinks of dark Defpair,
Some happy Turn, with Joy difpels our Care.
Now all's at Rights, who fings beft let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readieft fhould obey,
I'll fmg you ane, the neweft that I hae.

SANG XXI. *Corn Rigs are bony.*

*My Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy.
His Breath is fweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy.
His Shape is handsome, middle Size,
He's comely in his warwking,
The fhining o' his Een furprize,
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last Night I met him on a Bawlk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
Where mony a kindly Word he fpak,
That fet my Heart a glowing.
He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beft of ony,
That gars me like to fmg fince fyne,
O Corn Rigs are bony.*

*Let Laffes of a filly Mind
Refufe what maift they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chaftly fhould be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And fyne my Cockernony,
He's free to towzle air or late,
While Corn Rigs are bony.*

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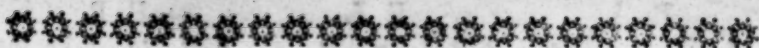
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* * Herein is exhibited a connected Plan of Morality, free from Jumble or Incoherence; and the *Utile Dulci* having been consulted throughout the whole, Morality here appears gay and smiling, steals insensibly into our good Graces, and makes the most lasting Impressions, being divested of that unpleasing Formality



A G L O S S A R Y.

I. In many Words ending with an l after an a or u, the l is rarely sounded

Scots	English
A Ba,	LL Ball
Ca	Call
Fa	Fall
Ga	Gall
Ha	Hall
Sma	Small
Sta	Still
Wa	Wall
Fou or fu	Full
Pou or pu	Pull
Woo or U	Wool

Scots.	English
Aff	Off
Aik	Oak
Aith	Oath
Ain or awn	Own
Alane	Alone
Amaist	Almost
Amang	Among
Airs	Oars
Aits	Oats
Apen	Open
Awner	Owner
Bain	Bone
Bair	Boar
Baith	Both
Blaw	Blow
Braid	Broad
Claith	Cloth
Craw,	Crow
Drap,	Drop
Fae	Fee
Frae	From, or from

Scots.	English
Raip	Rope
Raw	Row
Saip	Soap
Sair,	Sore
Slaw	Slew
Snaw	Snow
Strake	Stroke
Staw	Stole
Sane	Stone
Saul	Soul
Tae	Ice
Taiken	Token
Tangs	Tongs
Tap	Top
Thrang	Throng
Wae	Wee
Wame	Womb
Wan	Won
War	Worse
Wark	Work
Wha	Who

II. The l changes to a w, or u, after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another Consonant ; as,

B Awm	B Alm
Bauk	bauk
Buk	Bulk
Bow	Boll
Bpwt	Bolt
Caff,	Calf
Cow	Coll, clip
Fause	False
Fawn	Fallen
Gowd	Gold
How	Hole, bol-low
Howms	Holms
Maut	Molt
Pow	Poll
Row	Roll
Stown	Stoln

Gae	Go
Gaits	Goats
Grane	Groan
Ha'y,	Holy
Hale,	Whole
Halefome	Whole some
Hame	Home
Hait or het	Hot
Laith	Loath
Laid	Load
Lain or len	Loan
Law	Low
Mae	Moe
Maist	Most
Meir	More
Manc	Moan
Maw	Mow
Na	No
Nane	None
Naithing	Nothing
Pape	Pope
Rae	Roe
Rair	Roar

IV. The o or u is frequently changed into i ; as,

A Nither	A Nither
Bill	Bull
Birn	Burn
Brither	Brother
Fit	Foot
Fisher	Father
Hinny	Honey
I her	Ober
Mither	Mother
Nits	Nuts
Nife	Nose
P t	Put
Rin	Run
S n	Sun

III. The o or oe, or ow is changed to a, ae, aw, or ai ; as,

A E or ane	O Ne
Aeten	Oaten

B A

A *Blins*, perhaps
Abest, albe t
 Aboon, above
Aikerbraid, as broad
 as an acre
Air, long since. *It*.
 early. *Air up*, soon
 up in the Morning
Ambrie, Cupboard
Anew, enow
Arks, earnest of a
 Bargain
Ase, Ashes
Atains, or *Atanes*, at
 once, at the same
 Time
Atteur, out-over.
Auld farran, ingenious
Aurglebargain, or *Eag-*
glebargain, to con-
 tend and wrangle
Awesfme, frightful,
 terrible
Aynd, the Breath
Ayont, beyond

B A

B *Ack-sey*, a Surloin
Badrans, a Cat
Baid, staid abode
Bairns, Children
Balen, Whalebone
Bang, is sometimes an
 Action of Haste; a
 Leap, or a great
 Number
Bangster, a blustering
 roaring Person
Bannocks, a Sort of
 Bred thicker than
 Cakes, and round
Barken'd, when Mire,
 Blood, &c. hardens
 upon a Thing like a
 Birk
Barklihood, a fit of an-
 gry drunken passion
Barrow-trams, Staves
 of a Hand barrow
Fatts, Colick
Barbie, Halfpenny
Bauch, sorry, indiffe-
 rent
Barwsey, hawk'd or
 white-faced
Bedeem, immediately,

B L

Bedrals, Beadles
Best, beaten
Begoud, began
Begrutten, all in Tears
Beik, to b sk
Beild or *Beil*, a Shelter
Bein or *been*, wealthy
Beit or *beat*, to help,
 repair
Belis, bubbles
Beltan, the 3d of May
 or *Rood-Day*
Bend, to drink
Bended, drank hard
Benn, an inner Room
Bennison, Blessing
Bensell or *bensail*, Force
Bent, the open Field,
 or the tough Grass
 on a Fell
Beuk, baked
Beewith, something in
 the mean Time
Bicker, a wooden Dish
Bickering, fighting,
 running quickly
Bigg, build *Bigget*,
 built. *Biggings*,
 Buildings
Biggonet, a LinnenCap
 or Coif
Billy, Brother
Bind ing, becking,
 court-tying
Byre or *Byar*, a Cow-
 Stall
Birki, Birch-Trees
Birle, to drink.
Birn, a burnt Mark
Birns, the Stalks of
 burnt Heath
Birr, Force, flying
 swiftly with Noise
Birfed, bruised
Bittle or *Beetle*, a
 wooden Mell for
 beating Hemp
Black a wiced, of a
 black Complexion
Blae, pale Blue
Blasum, beguile
Blaze, bashful
Blatter, a rattling
 Noise
Bleeb, to blanch or

B R

Bleer, to make the
 Eye water
Bleex, blaze
Bletber, foolish Dis-
 course
Bletberer, a Babbler or
 Stammerer
Blin, cease
Blink, Glance of the
 Eye
Blinkan, the Flame
 rising and falling
Bluter, Plunder
Boak or *bake*, vomit
Boal, a little Press or
 Cupboard in the Wall
Bode, predict
Bodin or *bodlen*, pro-
 vided or furnished
Bodle, One-sixth of a
 Penny *Englisb*
Badworth, an ominous
 message
Beglebo, Hobgoblin or
 Spectre
Bony, beautiful
Bonywalys, Toys, Gu-
 gaws
Bis, empty
Bougils, sounding
 Horns
Bouk, Bulk
Bounritb, Gratuity
Bourd, Jest or Dalley
Bouxe, to drink
Bracben, a Kind of
 Water - Gruel of
 Oat-Meal, Butter,
 and Honey.
Brae, the Side of a
 Hill, Bank of a
 River
Braird, the first
 sprouting of Corns
Brander, a Gridiron
Brands, Calves of the
 Legs
Brankit, prim'd up
Brankan, prancing, a
 capering
Branks, wherewith the
 Countrymen bridle
 their Horses
Brattle, Noise
Brats, Rags. Some-

Brauv,
brau,
Brecker,
Brent,
 high
Brigs,
Brifs,
Broach,
Brack,
 or l
Brock,
Broe,
Brown,
Brown,
Brown,
 Bro
Brutim,
Bruik,
 joy
Bucky,
Sna,
 ill-
Buff,
Bugb,
Fuller,
Bumb,
Bung,
 dle
Bunker,
 Ki
Bamle,
Burn,
Busk,
Bustim,
Bur, c
Bjer,
Bykes,
 or l
Bygan,
Bywon,
 C
Caff,
Callan,
Camse,
Gangle,
Canker,
Canna,
Cant,
 old
Contr,
Canty,
 me
Capern,
 ill-

C A

Brau, fine in Apparel,
brave
Brecken, Fearn
Brent-brow, smooth
high Forehead
Brigs, Bridges
Brist, to press
Broach, a Buckle
Brack, broken Parts
or Refuse
Brock, a Badger
Broe, Broth
Brow, Forehead
Browden, fond
Browster, Brewer.
Browst, a Brewing.
Brutiment, a Broil
Bruik, to love and en-
joy
Bucky, a large Sea-
Snail; or a cross
ill-natured Fellow
Buff, Nonsense
Bugb, a Fold for Sheep
Butler, to bubble
Bumbazed, confused
Bung, completely ful-
dled
Bunkers, a Bench, a
Kind of Seat
Bunler, a Bungler
Burn, a Brook
Busk, to deck. Dress
Bustine Fustian (Cloth)
But, often, for without
Byer, a Cowhouse
Bykes or *Bikes*, Nests,
or Hives of Bees
Bygane, bypast
Byword, a Proverb

C A

C *Adge*, carry
Cadgie, cheerful
Caff, a Calf. Chaff
Callan, Boy
Camsbough, stern, grim
Gangle, to wrangle
Cankerd, angry
Canna, cannot
Cant, to tell merry-
old Tales
Contraipts, Incantations
Canty, cheerful and
merry
Capernoited, whimsical,
ill-natured

C L

Car, Sledge
Carna, care not
Carle, an old Word for
a Man
Carline, an old Wo-
man, perch'd Pease.
Gire-Carline, a Gi-
ant's Wife
Catbel, an Hot-Pot,
made of Ale, Sugar
and Eggs. Caudle.
Cauldrife, spiritless,
chill'd with Cold
Cauler, cool or fresh
Cawok, Challe
Cbefts, Chops
Cbaping, an Ale-me-
sure or Scoup, some-
what less than an
Engl'sh Quart
A Cbar or *a Jar*,
aside
Charleswain, Charles-
wain; the Constel-
lation call'd the
Plough, or *Ursa*
major
Cbancy, fortunate,
good-natured
Cbar, a cant Name for
the Gallows
Cbiel, a general Term,
like *Fellow*, used
sometimes with
Respect; as, *be's*
a very good Cbiel;
and contemptuously,
that Cbiel
Cbirm, chirp and sing
like a Bird
Cbucky, a Hen
Clag, Failing or Im-
perfection
Chan, Tribe, Family
Clank, a sharp Blow or
Stroke that makes a
Noise
Clashes, Chat
Clate, a Rake
Clatter, to chatter
Clauht, took hold
Clawer, to speak Non-
sense
Claw, scratch
Cleek, to catch as with
a Hook a 2

C R

Cleugh, a Den betwixt
Rocks
Clinty, hard, stony
Clock, a Beetle
Cloited, the Fall of any
soft moist Thing
Cloft, a Court or
square; and fre-
quently a Lane or
Alley
Chur, the little Lump
that rises on the
Head, occasioned by
a Blow or Fall
Clute, or *Cloot*, Hoof
of Cows or Sheep
Cockernony, a Woman's
Head-dress or Cap
Cckstool, a Pi lory
Cod, a Pillow
Ceft, bough
Cog, a pretty large
wooden Dish
Cogle, inclining to all
Coodies, a small wood-
en Vessel used y
some for Chamois-
Pots
Coof, a stupid Fellow
Coor, to cover
Cofer, a stoned Horse
Cceft, did cast. *Coften*,
thrown
Corby, a Raven
Cofte, sheltered in a
convenient Place
Cotter, a Sub-tenant
Cowp, to fall; also a
Fall
Cowp, to change or
barter
Cowp, a Company of
People; as, merry,
senseless, corky *Cowp*
Cour, to crouch and
creep
Cuth, frank and kind
Crack, to chat
Creel, Basket
Cribs, Grease
Croil, a crooked Dwarf
Creen or *crunt*, to
murmur, or hum
o'er a Song. The
lowing of Bulls
Crouse, bold

D I

Croove, a Cottage
Crummy, a Cow's Name
Cryn, shink, or become l-Is by drying
Cudiegb, a Bribe, Present
Culzie, intice or flatter
Cun, to taste, learn, know
Cunze or *Coonie*, Coin
Curn, a small Parcel
Cuske, a Kerchief.
 A Linen Dress wore by our Highland Women
Cutled, used kind
Cuts, Lots
Cutty, short

D A

D A B, a Proficient
Dal, to beat one thing against another
Dast, foolish; and sometimes wanton
Dassie, Folly, Wagerly
Dail or *Dale*, a Valley, Plain
Dainties, Delicates, Dainties
Dairty, Rarity; also a fine Man or Woman
Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter
Dang, dilding, beat thrust, drive
Darn, to hide
Dash, to put out of Countenance
Dawty, a Foodling, Darling
De ve, to stun the Ears with Noise
Dees, Dairy Maids
Deray, Merriment, Jolly, Solemnity, Tumult, Disorder, Noise
Dere, secret, hidden, lonely
Deval, to descend, fail, hurry
Dewzi, Rags or shavings of Cloth
Didle, to set or move

D O

D'ght, decked. Made ready; also, to clean
Dinna, do not
Dirle, a smarting Pain, quickly over
Dit, to stop or close up a Hole
Divet, broad Turf
Docken, a Dock (the Herb.)
Doile, confusedly and fitly
Doited, dosed or crazy, as in old Age
Doll, a large Piece. Dole or Share.
Donk, moist
Donsie, clean, neat
Dosart, a dull heavy-headed Fellow
Dool or *Drute*, the Gnal which Gamesters strive to gain first (as at Football.)
Dool, Pain, Grief
Dorts, a proud Pet
Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disobliged
Dasend, cold, impotent
Dought, could, availed
Doughty, strong, valiant
Douks, dives under Water
Donse, solid, grave, prudent
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive
Dow, Dove
Dow'd (Liquor) tha's dead, or has lost the Spirite; or withered (Plant)
Drowf, mournful, wanting Vivacity
Drowie, melancholy, sad, doleful
Downa, down not, i. e. tho' one has the Power, he wants the Heart to it
Drowp, the Arse, the small Remains of a Candle, the bottom

E Y

Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing Manner
Dree, to suffer, endure
Dreery, wearisome, frightful
Dreib, slow, tedious
Dribs, Drops
Drizel, a little Water in a Rivulet, scarce appearing to run
Droning, sitting lazily, or moving hastily. Speaking with Groans
Droucked, drench'd, all wet
Dubs, Mire
Dung, Defeat
Dunt, Stroke or Blow
Dunty, a Doxy
Dark, a Poinyard or Dagger
Dyels, trembles, shakes
Dyver, a Bankrupt

E A

E A, incites, stirs up
Eard, Earth, the Ground
Edge, of a Hill, is the Side or Top
Een, Eyes
Eild, Age
Eildeens, of the same
Eith, easy.
Eitbar, easier
Elbuck, Elbow
Elf-shot, seiz'd with a mortal Distemper
Elson, a Shoemaker's Awl
Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary Gnoits
Endlang, along
Ergb, scrupulous, wanting Resolution
Erst, Time past
Ester, hewn Stone. Buildings of such we call *Ester-work*
Ether, an Adder
Etle, to aim, design

Eydent, diligent, la-
borious

F A

F*A*, a Trap, such
as is used for catch-
ing Rats or Mice

Badge, a spongy Sort
of Bread in Shape
of a Roll

Fag, to tire or turn
weary

Fail, thick Turf, such
as are used for build-
ing Dikes for Folds,
Inclosures, &c.

Fain, glad, joyful

Bait, neat, in good
Order

Bairfaw, wishing well
to a Person

Fang, the Talons of a
Fowl. *To fang*, to
grip or hold fast

Fajb, vex or trouble

Faugb, a Colour be-
tween White and
Red. *Faugb Riggs*,
fallow Ground

Peck, a Part, Quan-
tity, a few

Feckfew, able, active
Facklefs, feeble, little
and weak

Feed or *Fead*, Feud,
Hatred, Quarrel

Feil, many, several
Fen, shift. *Fending*,
living by Industry

Ferlie, Wonder

Bernzier, the last or
fore-run Year

File, to defile or dirty
Fireflaught, a Flash of
Lightning

Fistle, to stir, a Stir

Fustled, the Print of
the Foot

Fixxing, moving up
and down, raising
Wind by Motion

Flags, Flashes, as of
Wind and Fire

Flane, an Arrow

Flang, Flang

Flaughter, to pare Turf
from the Ground

Flaw, Lie or Fib

Fleetch, to coax or
flatter

Fleg, Fright

Flewet, a smart Blow

Fley or *flic*, to affright

Fleyt, afraid or ter-
rified

Flinders, Splinters

Flite, to remove

Flite or *flyte*, to scold,
chide. *Flet*, did scold

Fluskes, Floods

Fog, Moss

Foordays, the Morning
far advanced, fair
Day-light

Forby, besides

Forebears, Forefathers,
Ancestors

Forfairn, abused, be-
spattered

Forfoughten, weary,
faint, and out of
Breath with fighting

Forgainst, opposite to

Fogether, to meet,
encounter

Forleet, to forsake or
forget

Foreham, the Forehead

Fouth, Abundance,
Plenty

Foxy, spongy, soft

Frais, to make a Noise.
We use to say one
makes a *frais*, when

th y boast, wonder,
and talk more of a
Matter than it is

worthy of, or will
bear

Fray, Bustle, Fighting

Freik, a Fool, a light,
impertinent Fellow

Fremit, strange, not
a-kin

Fristed, trusted

Frush, brittle

Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*,
blowing

Furder, prosper

Furthy, forward

Fush, brought

Fyk, to be restless,
uneasy

Furlet, four Pecks

G A

G*A B*, the Mouth.

To prate, *gab-
sae gab*.

Gabbing, prating pertly

Gabby, one of a ready,
and easy Expression;
the same with *auld-
gabbet*

Gadge, to dictate im-
pertinently, talk-
idly with a stupid
Gravity

Gafaw, a hearty loud
Laughter. *To garaf*,
to laugh

Gait, a Goat

Gams, Gums

Gar, to cause, make
or force

Gare, greedy, rapaci-
ous, earnest to have
a Thing

Gash, solid, sagacious.
One with a long
Out-Chin, we call

Gish - *gabbet*, or
Gash-beard

Gite, Way

Gaunt, Yawn

Garoky, idle, staring,
idiotical Person

Gawm, going

Gawm, Galls

Gawfy, jolly, buxom

Geck, to mock

Geed or *gade*, went

Genty, handsome, gen-
teel

Get, Brat, a Child, by
Way of Contempt

or Derision

Gielanger, an ill

Dctor

Gif, if

Gilligacus or *Gilliga-
pus*, a staring gap ng

Fool, a German-
dizer

Gilpy, a roguish Boy

Gimmer, a young
Sheep, (Ew.)

Gin, if

Gird, to strike, pierce

Ginn, to grin, snail.

G R

Also a Snare or Trap, such as Boys make of Horse-hair to catch Birds
Girth, a Hoop
Glais, an idle good-for-nothing Fellow.
Glaked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *Glais*, to beguile one, by giving him his Labour for his Pains
Glaister, to bawl or bark
Glamour, juggling
Glar, Mire, ouzy Mud
Glee, to squint
Gleg, sharp, quick, active
Glen, a narrow Valley between Mountains
Gloom, to scowl or frown
Glowning, the Twilight or Evening Gloom
Glower, to stare, look stern
Glunsh, to hang the Brow and grumble
Gnan, a wooden Dish for Meat
Goolie, a large Knife
Gorlings or *Gorblings*, young unfleg'd Birds
Gossie, Gossip
Gowans, Dazies
Gove, to look broad and steadfast, holding up the Face
Growf, b sides the known Game, a Racket or furd Blow on the Chaps, we call a *Gowf* on the *Haffet*
Gowk, a thoughtless Fellow, the Cuckow
Grawl, a howling, to bellow and cry
Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful
Grany, Grandmother,

H A

Grape, a trident Fork.
 Also to grope
Gree, Prize, Victory
Green, to long for
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept
Grieve, an Overseer
Gross, gross, coarse
Grotts, mill'd Oats
Grouf, to lie flat on the Belly
Grounce or *glunsh*, to murmur, grudge
Grutten, wept
Gryse, a Pig
Gumption, good Sense
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (Weather)
Gysened, when the Wood of any Vessel is shunk with Dynes
Gyttings, young Children

H A

H *Affet*, the Cheek,
 Side of the Head
Hagabag, coarse Nappery
Haggise, a Kind of Puddling, made of the Lungs and Liver of a Sheep, and boiled in the Big-hag
Hags, Hacks, Peat-Pits, or Beaks in mossy Ground
Hain, to save, manage narrowly
Halefome, wholesome; as *bale*, whole
Hallen, a Screen
Ham-ld, domestick
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind
Hanty, convenient, handsome
Harle, drag
Haras, Brains. *Harnpan*, the Scull
Harship, Ruin
Hash, a Sliver
Haweren or *bawrel*, ibid
Houghs, Valleys, or low Grounds on the

H O

Hawins, good Breeding. *Hawmour*, Behaviour
Hawi, the Throat, or fore Part of the Neck
Heal or *beal*, Health or whole
Heepy, a Person hypocritick
Heeryestreen, the Night before Yesternight
Heez, to lift up a heavy Thing a little. A *Heezy* is a good Lift
Hesit, accustomed to live in a Place
Heght, promised; also named
Hempy, a tricky Wag, such for whom the Hemp grows
Hereit, ruined in Estate, broke, spoiled
Hesp, a Clasp or Hook, Bar or Bolt. Also, in Yarn, a certain Number of Threads
Heber-bells, the Heath Blossom
Heugh, a Rock, or steep Hill. Also a Coal-pit
Hiddils or *Hidlings*, lurking, hiding Places
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely
Hirple, to move as with a rustling Noise
Hirple, or *Hirdsale*, a Flock of Cattle
Hr, a single Stocking
Hobbleshew, confused Racket, Noise
Hool, husk. *Hooled*, husked
Hooly, slow
Hoft, or *wboft*, to cough
Hou, or *Hu*, a Cap or Roof-tree
How, low Ground, a Hollow
Howt ho!

K E

Horody, a Midwife
Howk, to dig
Howms, Plains on Riverfides
Hwaot! fy!
Howeowody, a young Hen
Huckle, to crouch or bow together like a Cat, Hedgehog, or Hare
Hut, a Hovel
Hye, mad

J A

J *Ack*, Jacket
Jag, to prick as with a Pin
Jaw, a Wave or Gush of Water
Jawp, the dashing of Water
Icefogles, Icicles
Jee, to incline to one Side
Jig, to crack, make a Noise like a Cart-wheel
Jimp, slender
Jip, Gypsy
Iik, each, *Iika*, every
Ingan, an Onion
Igle, Fire
Jo, Sweetheart
Jouk, a low Bow
Irie, fearful, terrified
I'se, I shall
Ila, Embers
Junt, a large Joint, or Piece of Meat
Jute, four or dead Liquor
Jibe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

K A

K *Aber*, a Rafter
Kale, or *Kail*, Cole-wort, and also sometimes Broth
Kacky, to dung
Kain, a Part of a Farm Rent, paid in Fowls
Kame, Comb
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate; also wary
Kebuek, a Cheese

K Y

Kackle, to laugh, to be noisy
Kedgy, jovial
Keek, to peep
Kelt, Cloth with a Freeze
Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same Work in the same Time
Ken, to know
Kent, a long Staff, such as Shepherds use for leaping over Ditches
Kepp, to catch a Thing that moves towards one
Kiest, did cast.
Kilted, tuck'd up
Kimmer, a female Gossip
Kirn, a Churn, to churn
Kirtle, an upper Petticoat
Kitchen, all Sorts of Eatables, except Bread
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (Writings)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
Knacky, witty, facetious
Knout, to beat or strike sharply
Knos'd, buffeted and bruised
Knosst, or *Knuist*, a large Lump
Know, a Hillock
Knublock, a Knob
Knuckles, only used in Scots for the Joints of the Fingers next the Back of the Hand
Kow, Goblin, or any Person one stands in Awe to disoblige and fears
Ky, Kine or Cows
Kytb, to appear.
Kyte, the Belly

L I

L A

L *Aggert*, bespattered, covered with Clay
Laigb, low
Laits, Manners
Lak or *Lack*, undervalue, contempt
Landart, the Country, or belonging to it.
Rustick
Lane, alone
Languor, languishing, melancholy
Lankale, Coleworts ununcut
Lap, leaped
Lapper'd, curdled or clotted
Lare, a Place for laying, or that has been lain in
Lare, Bog
Lave, the Rest or Remainder
Lawin, a Tavern Reckoning
Lawland, low Country
Lowrock, the Lark
Lawry or *Lawritb*, Justice, Fidelity, Honesty
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful
Leam, Flame
Lear, Learning, to learn
Lee, untill'd Ground, also an open grassy Plain
Leggen, a Milking-Pale with one Lug or Handle
Leman, a kept Miss
Lends, Buttocks, Loins
Leugb, laugh'd
Leaw-worm, Lukewarm
Libbit, gelded
Lick, to whip or beat
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a Lie
List, the Sky or Firmament
Leggs, lies
Lills, the Holes of a

Wind Instrument
of Music
Limmer, a Whore
Limp, to halt
Lir, a Cataract
Ling, quick Career in
a straight Line, to
gallop
Lingle, Cord, Shoe-
maker's Thread
Linkan, walking speedi-
ly
Live, Breasts. *Item*,
the most muscular
Parts; sometimes
the Air or Complica-
tion of the Face
Link, a Wrinkle, or
Fold
Lisk, the Flank
Litb, a Joint
Loon, a little Com-
mon, near to Coun-
try Villages, where
they milk their
Cows
Loeb, a Lake
Loo, to love
Loof, the Hollow of
the Hand
Looms, Tools, Instru-
ments in general.
Vessels
Lost, did let
Low, Flame. *Lowen*,
flaming
Lown, calm. *Keep*
lown, be secret
Loun, Rogue, Whore,
Villan
Lounder, a sound Blow
Lout, to bow down,
making Courtesy,
to stoop.
Luck, to enclose, shut
up, fasten
Lucky, Grandmother,
or Goody
Lug, Ear, Handle of
a Pot or Vessel
Luggie, a Dish of
Wood, with a Handle
Lum, the Chimney
Lure, rather
Lyart, hoary or grey-
hair'd

M A
M *Agil*, to mangle
Mark or *make*,
match, equal
Markless, Matchless
Maiten, a Farm
Makly, seemly, well-
proportioned
Makfia, 'tis no Mat-
ter
Malison, a Curse, Male-
diction
Mangit, galled or brui-
sed by Toil or
Stripes
Mank, a Want
Mant, to stammer in
Speech
Marcb or *Merch*, a
Landmark, Border
of Lands
Marb, the Marrow
Marrow, Mate, Fel-
low, equal, Com-
rade
Mash, to mash, in
Brewing. *Masking-*
hom, Mash-vat
Maun, must. *Mauna*,
must not, may not
Meikle, much, b g,
great, large
Meitb, Limit, Mark,
Sign
Mends, Satisfaction,
Revenge, Retalia-
tion
Menfe, D secretion, So-
briety, Good-breed-
ing
Mensfou, mannerly
Menzie, Company of
Men, Army, As-
sembly, one's Fol-
low rs
Miffen, a little Dog,
Lap-dog
Midding, a Dung-hill
Midges, Gnats, little
Flies
Mim, affectedly mo-
dest
Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark
Miscaw, give Names
Misbance, Misfortune

Misken, to neglect or
not take Notice of
one; also, let alone
Misshous, malicious,
rough
Misters, Necessities,
Wants
Mittens, Gloves made
of Wool
Moy, many
Mools, the Earth of
the Grave
Mou, Mouth
Moup, to eat, generally
used of Children, or
of old People, who
have but few Teeth,
and make their Lips
move fast, though
they eat but slow
Mow, a Pile or Bing,
as of Fuel, Hay,
Corn Sheaves, &c.
Mowus, Jest
Muckle, see *Meikle*
Murgullied, mismana-
ged, abused
Mutcb, Coif
Mutcbkan, an English
Pint
N A
N *Acky*, or *knacky*,
clever, active
in small Affairs
Neeze, Nose
Neile, to fret or vex
Newfangle, fond of a
new Thing
Nevel, a sound Blow
with the Nive or
Fist
Nick, to bite or cheat
Niest, next
Niffer, to exchange or
barter
Nissnasan, trifling
Nigays, Trifles
Nips, Bits
Nither, to straiten
Niwz, the Fist
Noek, Nutch or Nick
of an Arrow or
Spindle
Noit, see *Knoit*
Nxwt, Cows, Kine
Nxwtber, neither

P I

Nuckle, new calved
(Cows)

O E

O*E* a Grandchild
O'er or *owre*, too
much

O'ersome, superplus

Ony, any

Or, sometimes used
for *e'er* or *before*

Ora, any Thing over
what's needful

Orp, to weep with a
convulsive Pant

Oughtlens, in the least

Owk, Week

Owrlay, a Cravat

Owsen, Oxen

Owtbir, either

Oxter, the Arm-pit

P A

P*Addock*, a Frog,
Paddock Ride,
the Spawn of Frogs

Paiks, Chastisment

Pang, to squeeze, press
or pack one Thing
into another

Paugbty, proud, haugh-
ty

Patoty, witty or sly in
Word or Action,

without any Harm
or bad Designs

Peer, a Key or Wharf

Peets, Turf for Fire

Pegb, to pant

Pensy, finical, foppish,
conceited

Perquire, by Heart

Pett, a Favourite, a
Fondling *To pettle*,

to dandle, feed, che-
rish, flatter

Pibrougs, such High-
land Tunes as are

play'd on Bag-pipes
before them when

they go to Batt'e

Pig, an earthen Pit-
cher

Pike, to pick out or
chuse

Pimpin, pimping, scur-
vy, mean

Pint, Dain or pinion

R A

Pingle, to contend,
strive, or work
hard

Pirn, the Spool or
Quill within the
Shuttle, which re-
ceives the Yarn

Pitb, Strength, Might,
Force

Plack, two Bodles, or
the third of a Penny

Englisk

Pople or *Paple*, the
bubbling, purling,
or boiling up of Wa-
ter. (Popling.)

Poortitb, Poverty

Powny, a little Horse
or Galloway; also
a Turkey

Push, to push

Peutch, a Pocket

Pratick, Practice, Art,
Stratagem. *Priving*

pratick, tying ridi-
culous Experiments

Prets, Tricks, Regu-
ries

Pig, to cheapen, or
importance for a
lower Price of Com-
modities one is buy-
ing

Prin, a Pin

Prive, to prove or
taste

Propine, Gift or Pre-
sent

Prym or *Prime*, to fill
or stuff

Put a Stane, throw a
big Stone

Q

Quey, a young Cow

R A

R*Adless*, careless

Rae, a Roe

Raffan, merry, ro-
ving, hearty

Raird, a loud Sound

Rair, a Roar

Rat or *Rook*, a Mist
or Fog

Rampage, to speak and
act furiously

Raltes, Rushes

R U

Rave, did *rive* or *tear*

Raught, reached

Rax, to stretch, and
Rax'd, reach'd

Ream, Cream

Redd, to rid, unravel.
To separate Folks
that are fighting

Rede, Counsel, Advice

Reek, reach; also
Smoke

Reest, to rust or dry in
the Smoke

Rest, bereft, rabb'd,
forced or carried a-
way

Reif, Rapine, Robbe-
ry

Reik or *Rink*, a Cou se
or Race

Rever, a Robber, or
Pirate

Rewtb, Pity

Rice or *Rife*, Bul-
rushes, Brambe-
brancher, or Twigs
of Trees

Rife or *Ryfe*, Plenty

Rife, to belch

Rigging, the Back or
Rack-back, the Top
or Ridge of a House

Ripples, a Weakness
in the Back and
Reins

Rock, a Distaff

Roose or *Ruse*, to com-
mend, exol

Rouwe, to rivet

Rottan, a Rat

Roundel, a witty, and
often satyric Kind
of Rhime

Rowan, rolling

Rowt, to roar, especi-
ally the lowing of
Bulls and Cows

Rowtb, Plenty

Ruck, a Rick or Stack
of Hay or Corn

Rude, the red Tai
of the Complexion

Ruesu, doleful

Rug, to pull, take a-
way by Force

Rumple, the Rump

Rangs, small Boughs
of Trees lopp'd off

Runkle, a Wrinkle.

Runckle, to ruffle

Rype, to learch

S A

S A beins, seeing it
is. Since

Sauklefs, guiltless, free

Sain'd, blest'd

Sall, shall; like foud
for should

Sand blind, purblind,
short-sighted

Sar, Savour or Smell

Sark, a Shirt

Saugb, a Willow or
Sallow-tree

Saw, an old Saying,
or proverbial Ex-
pression

Scad, scald

Scar, the bare Places
on the Sides of Hills
washed down with
Rains

Scart, to scratch

Scarup, a bare, dry
Piece of stony
Ground

Scor, Brea', the Coun-
try People bake o-
ver the Fire, thin-
ner and broader than
a Bannick

Scowp, to leap or
move hastily from
one Place to another

Scowrb, Room, Free-
dom

Scrimp, narrow, strait-
ned, little

Scroggs, Shrubs, Briers
and Thorns

Scuds, Ale

Scunner, to loathe

Sell, self

Seuch, Furrow, Ditch

Sey, to try

Seyboru, a young O-
nion

Shan, pitiful, silly,
poor

Sharn, Cow's Dung

Sharo, a Wood or Fo-
rest

Shawl, shallow

Sharups, empty Husks

Sheen, shining

Skill, shrill, having a
sharp Sound

Shire, clear, thin

Shog, to wag, shake,
or go backwards and
forwards

Shoel, Shovel

Scoon, Shoes

Shore, to threaten

Shotle, a Drawer

Sib, a-kin

Sic, such

Sicker, firm, secure

Sile, a Rill or Rivulet
commonly dry in
Summer

Siller, Silver

Sinle or *Sinte*, seldom

Siastne, since that
Time. *Lang fin-*

fyne, long ago

Skail, to scatter

Skair, Share

Skaitb, Hurt, Dam ge,
Loss

Skeigb, Skittish

Skelf, Shelf

Skelp, to run. Used
when one runs bare-
footed

Skiff, to move smooth-
ly away

Skink, a kind of strong
Broth made of
Cows' Hams or

Knuckles; also to
fill Drink in a Cup

Skirl, to shrink or cry
with a shrill Voice

Sklare, Slate. *Skalie*,
is the fine blue Slate

Skowrie, ragged, na-
sty, idle

Skreed, a Rent

Skybald, a Tatterde-
mation

Skyt, fly out hastily

Slade or *slaid*, did slide,
moved or made a
Thing move easily

Slap or *slak*, a Gap,
or narrow Pass be-
tween two Hills

Sleek, smooth

Sleet, a Shower of
half-melted Snow

Slerg, to bedaub or
plaster

Slid, smooth, cunning,
slippery

Slippery, sleepy

Slone, a Mire, Ditch,
or Slough

Slate, a Bar or Bolt
for a Door

Slough, Husk or Coat

Smak, a sly little
pitiful Fellow; the
same with *Smatchet*

Smirk, smiling

Smittle, infectious or
catching

Smorr, smother

Snack, nimble, ready,
clever

Sned, to cut

Sneer, to laugh in De-
rision

Sneg, to cut

Snell, sharp, smarting,
bitter, firm

Snib, snub, check or
reprove, correct

Sniſter, to snuff or
breathe thro' the
Nose a little stop

Snod, metaphorically
used for neat, hand-
some, tight

Snood, the Band for
tying up a Woman's
Hair

Snool, to dispirit by
chiding, hard La-
bour, and the like

Snove, to whirl round

Snotter, Snot

Snurl, to ruff: or
wrinkle

Sod, a thick Turf

Sonſy, happy, fortu-
nate, lucky; some-
times used for large
and lusty

Sore, Sorrel, reddish-
colour'd

Sorn, to sponge

Soss, the Noise that a
Thing makes when

S T

it falls to the
Ground
Sough, the Sound of
Wind amongst Trees,
or of one sleeping
Sowens, Flumeary
Sowof, to conn over a
Tune on an Instru-
ment
Spae, to foretel or di-
vine. *Spaemen*, Pro-
phets, Augurs
Spain, to wean from
the Breast
Spait, a Torrent,
Flood or Inundation
Spang, a Jump, to leap
or jump
Spaul, Shoulder, A m
Speel, to climb
Speer, to ask, inquire
Spelder, to stretch,
split, spread out,
draw asunder
Spence, the Place of
the House where
Provisions are kept
Spill, to spoil, abuse
Spoolie, Spoil, Booty,
P under
Spraings, Stripes of
different Colours
Spring, a Tune on a
musical Instrument
Sprush, Spruce
Spruttled, speckled, or
spotted
Spunk, Tinder
Stakwart, strong, and
valiant
Stang, did sting; also
a Sting or Pole
Stank, a Pool of stand-
ing Water
Stark, strong, robust
Starns, the Stairs
Starn, small Moleity
Stay, steep
Steek, to shut close
Stegb, to cram
Stend or sten, to move
with a hasty long Pace
Stent, to stretch, extend
Stipend, a Benefice
Stirk, a Steer or Bul-

T A

Stoit or Stot, to rebound
or reflect
Stoor, rough, hoarse
Stuu, to cut or crop
Stound, a smarting Pain
or Stitch
Stour, Dust agitated by
Winds, Men or
Horie Feet
Stowth, Stealth
Strapan, clever, tall,
handsome
Stratb, a Plain on a
River-side
Streek, to stretch
Striddle, to stride
Strinkle, to sprinkle or
straw
Stroot or strute, stuff'd
full, drunk
Strunt, a Pett
Studdy, an Anvil, or
Smith's Stithy
Sturdy, giddybeaded
Sture or floor, strong,
stiff, hoarse
Sturt, Trouble, Dis-
turbance, Vexation
Stym, a Blink, a little
Sight of a Thing
Suddle, to sul'y, defile
Sumpb, Blockhead
Sunkan, Spleenatick
Sunkots, something
Swak, to throw, cast
with Force
Swankies, clever young
Fellows
Swarf, to swoon away
Swash, squar, fuddled
Swatb, a Pattern
Swats, small Ale
Swacht, Weight, Bur-
den, Force
Swee, lazy, slow
Sweeties, Confections
Swelt, suffocate', cho-
ked to Death
Switb, begone quickly
Swither, to be doubt-
ful whether to do
this or that
Syne, afterwarde, then

T A

T Achel, an Arrow

T H

Tane, taken
Tap, a Head
Tape, to use any thing
paringy
Tappet-ben, the Scots
Quart Stoup
Tarrow, to refuse
what we love, from
a cross Humour
Tartan, cross striped
Stuff, of various
Colours checker'd.
The Highland Plaids
Tast, a little Dram-cup
Tate, a small Lock of
Hair, or any little
Quantity of Wool,
Cotton, &c.
Taurt, to mock
Tauppy, foolish Wench
Taxe, a Whip or Scourge
Ted, to scatter, spread
Tee, a little Earth on
which Gamesters at
the *Gowf* set their
Balls before they
strike them off
Teen or Tynd, Anger,
Rage, Sorrow
Teet, to peep out
Tensome, the Number
of Ten
Tent, Attention. *Ten-*
ty, cautious
Tback, Thatch
Tbae, those
Tbarmes, small Trips
Tbeek, to thatch
Tbig, to beg or borrow
Tbir, these
Tbole, to endure, suffer
Tbow, Thaw
Tbowlest, unactive, fil-
ly, lazy, heavy
Tbrazwart, cross, fro-
ward, crabbed
Tbrown, stern and
cross-grained
Tbreep or threap, to
aver, alledge, urge
and affirm boldly
Tbrimal, to press or
squeeze thro' with
Difficulty

T O

Tid, Tide or Time, proper Time
Tift, Health, Order
Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost
Tinsel, Lofs
Tip or *Tippony*, Ale sold for Two-pence the Scots Pint
Tirle or *tirr*, to uncover a House
Vitty, Sister
Toucher, Portion, Dowry
Tod, a Fox
Tooly, to fight. A Fight or Quarrel
Toom, empty, applied to a Barrel, Porse, House, &c. Item. to empty
Toss, tight, neat
Tosse, warm, pleasant, half duddled
To the Fore, in Being, alive, unconsumed
Touse or *touse*, to rumple, tease
Tout, the Sound of a Horn or Trumpet
Tow, a Rope
Townand, a Year or Twelvemonth
Treves, Breeches and Hose all of a Piece
Trig, neat, handsome
Trake, Exchange
True, to trow, trust, believe
Truf, steal
Tryst, Appointment
Turs, Turfs. *Turs*, trusts
Twin, to part with, or separate from
Twitche, touch
Twinters, Sheep of two Years old
Tydie, plume, fat, lucky
Tynd, vide *Tren*
Tyft, to entice, stir up, allure

U G

UGG, to detest, hate, nauseate
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous

W I

deceased sometime ago
Undocht or *zuandocht*, a silly weak Person
Uneith, not easy
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnes'd
Unko or *unco*, uncouth, strange
Unlufom, unlovely
Vougy, elevated, proud
Wad or *wad*, pledge, Wager, Pawn; also, would
Waff, wandering by itself
Wak, moist, wet
Wal, to pick or chuse
Walop, to move wisely with much Agitation
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large
Wame, Womb
Wandought, Want of Dought, impotent
Wangrace, Wickedness, Want of Grace
War, worse
Warlock, Wizard
Wat or *wit*, to know
Waught, large Draught
Wee, little
Wean or *wee ane*, a Child
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed
Weer, to stop or oppose
Weir, Wat
Weird, Fate or Destiny
Well, Rain
Wersh, insipid, watery, wanting Salt
Whack, whip, beat, sting
Whid, to fly quickly
Whilk, which
Whilly, to cheat
Whillywaba, a Cheat
Whindging, whining
Whins, Furze
Whisbe, hush. Hold your Peace
Whisk, to pull out hastily
Whomilt, turned Upside down
Whit, spot, clever,

Y U

active. Item, a Man or Person
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the Meanders of a River
Win or *won*, to reside, dwell
Winna, will not
Winocks, Windows
Winsome, gaining, desirable, agreeable, comp'ete, large
Wirrykew, a Bug-bear
Wisent, purch'd, dry'd, wither'd
Wistle, exchange Money
Witbershins, Motion against the Sun
Wor or *W*, Wool
Wood, mad
Woody, the Gallows
Woody, worthy
Wow, wonderful, strange
Wreatbs, of Snow, when Heaps of it are blown together by the Wind
Wyfing, inclining. To wyse, to lead, train
Wyson, the Gullet
Wyt, to blame. Blame
 Y A

Y Ambs, to bark, or make a Noise like little Dogs
Yap, hungry, having a longing Desire for any Thing ready
Yeatow, yea wilt thou
Yed, contend, wrangle
Yeld, barren, as a Cow that gives no Milk
Yerk, to do any Thing with Celerity
Yest, the Hiccup
Yett, Gate
Yestreen, Yesternight
Youditb, Youthfulness
Yowden, wearied
Yowf, a swinging Blow
Yuke, the Itch
Yule, Christmas

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 els
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